

#4

48
PAGES
OF STORY
\$1

STAR REACH



THE
RETURN
OF **CODY
STARBUCK**
by HOWIE CHAYKIN

Howie Chaykin
75

STAR REACH PRODUCTIONS

HAYWARD, CALIFORNIA
22 FEBRUARY 1976

Well, well, into the new year already. On one plane, the daylight's longer each week, no small benefit to sunshine freaks like myself. On another level, our production schedule here is still slowly increasing. The long - hoped - for quarterly status of this anthology title is almost accomplished (though not yet actual) and a couple of "specials" are on their way. On a third plane, I'm quite pleased with the material in this book. I feel we're still evolving into our own unique statements, getting away from the well-trod pathways (takes longer than you might think, folks), yet this issue, from this close-up sight-warp, is making some solid steps in the direction I'd like to go.

Most of the contributors in this issue have been introduced in previous issues. To up-date a couple of events, both JOHN WORKMAN and BOB SMITH have now established themselves in the New York comics market, Bob particularly being a full-time inker now. MIKE VOSBURG has spread out his free-lance pencil-n-pen to more comics companies, as well as an advertising-comic job occasionally. HOWIE CHAYKIN is right now working on a new feature created by writer Len Wein for our next issue. STEVE LEIALOHA is entertaining the idea of carrying over his story here into an entire book-length feature. Naturally I'm encouraging him every chance I get, since it's obvious by now he's fast-blooming into a superior talent.

There are two new people on board this time around that I will draw a bit of attention to: first, with the longer contribution, is writer MARY SKRENES (assisting Mike Vosburg), a long time professional associate and one of the first pros to lend her full psychic support to my then-nascent plans. She's been in our business for years, but unfortunately most of her work has gone uncredited, including a number of collaborations with other writers. She's quite good when she directs her head the right way -- as I believe she has here. Second, I'd like to spotlight GERRY CONWAY (assisting John Workman), a good, frequently close, friend. I met Gerry when he was the tall, gangling, sixteen-year-old wunderkind of comics, who could never seem to decide from moment to moment which foot he wanted to stand on. Now I see him once or twice a year, still tall and gangling, if a bit more solidly self-possessed -- and still a Boy Wonder eight years on. Right now he's an editor and writer at National Periodicals, following a long stint as top-feature writer for Marvel Comics

and an occasional science-fiction prose piece. I envy his talent, frequently wishing his words would turn to deadly dullness, though they don't quite ever get there, even in his low periods. A most recent accomplishment was his masterfully crafted SUPERMAN/SPIDER-MAN cross-over book, a thankless task if there ever was one. Both Mary and Gerry live (separately) on the West Side of Manhattan.

I'd like to move on to a subject that I'd welcome some feedback on, namely how to deal with the cost - inflation I face, most of which is passed on in turn to you. The most significant cost escalation is in paper, as more and more small mills close, concentrating supply into a very tiny number of firms and thus cutting price competition. Also there's a growing worldwide demand for paper (too many people already and it's getting worse) and only limited harvest area. Lastly, with our previous book our stories are now printed on a better (whiter, thicker) paperstock, which is naturally more expensive. Now, last time and this I've been able to absorb this increase without raising the price to you. But this is it. With the next issue, either I make the price higher (\$1.25) or the book smaller (32 story pages instead of 48). This is where you come in. Do you have an opinion on which direction I should take? Would you rather pay more for the same amount of material or pay the same for less material. I'll be frank and say now I'm leaning toward a price rise, since I enjoy the flexibility of the longer length, but I wouldn't be spending my time typing this if I weren't interested in gathering some opinions on the question. This is something I have to decide by mid-May at the latest, so you'll have to write before then (if you've bought this by then!).

Lastly, I've been able to get together a list of recommended items (comics, posters, magazines) that appears on our inside back cover. Let 'em know that you saw it here...

Adios.

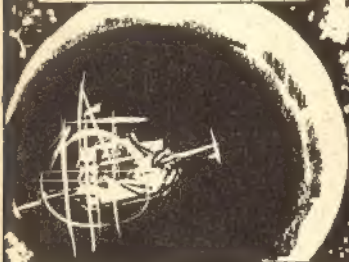
Mike Friedrich

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RETAILERS: a list of wholesalers is available. WHOLESALERS: please inquire about our rates.

COMMERCE IS THE
BOTTOM LINE OF
WAR, IT IS SAID...



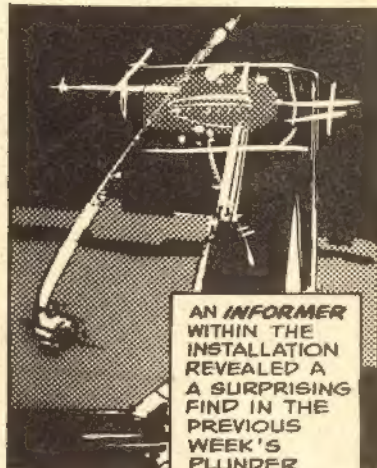
THE POWERS THAT ROSE
FROM THE ASHES OF THE
EMPIRE WERE **MERCHANT
CARTELS**... THE NEED
FOR SABOTAGE, ASSASS-
INATION AND PIRACY IN
THE NAME OF
COMMERCE WAS
GREAT...

THIS, **STARBUCK** FLIES
UNDER THE COLORS OF
ABRAXAS (CLONE-
DROIDS, ORGANICS, ETC)
TO...



SEVEN
SECONDS TO
CONTACT,
CODY.

FOMOS IV - RESEARCH
INSTALLATION OF **PENDRA**--
ABRAXA'S FIERCEST
COMPETITION.



AN INFORMER
WITHIN THE
INSTALLATION
REVEALED A
SURPRISING
FIND IN THE
PREVIOUS
WEEK'S
PLUNDER
SWEEP...

AN INFORMER WHO
NOW PROVIDES A
DIVERSION FOR
STARBUCK'S
ARRIVAL.



FORCE
SHIELD IS
DOWN--BLEIER
DID **HIS**
JOB--



LET'S
DO
OURS!



FIND
IT
FAST,
SHEILA!



RIGHT!

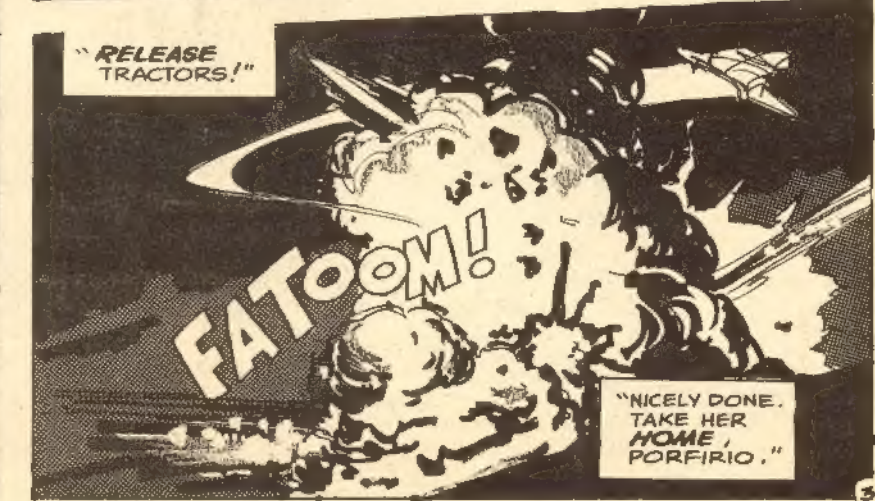
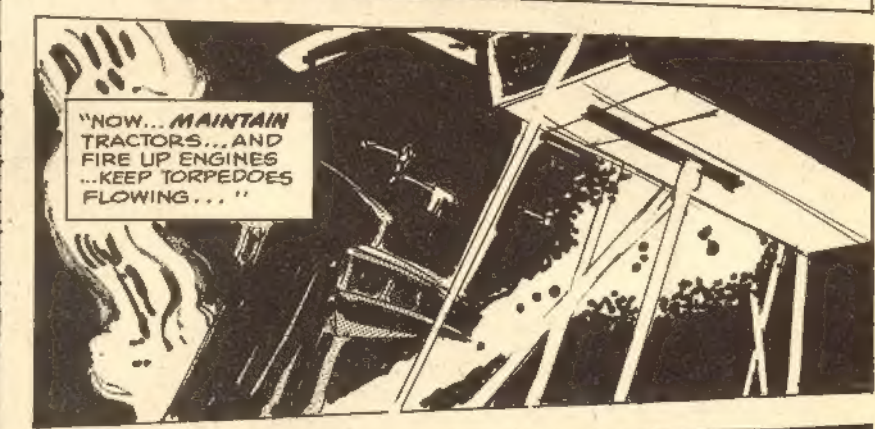
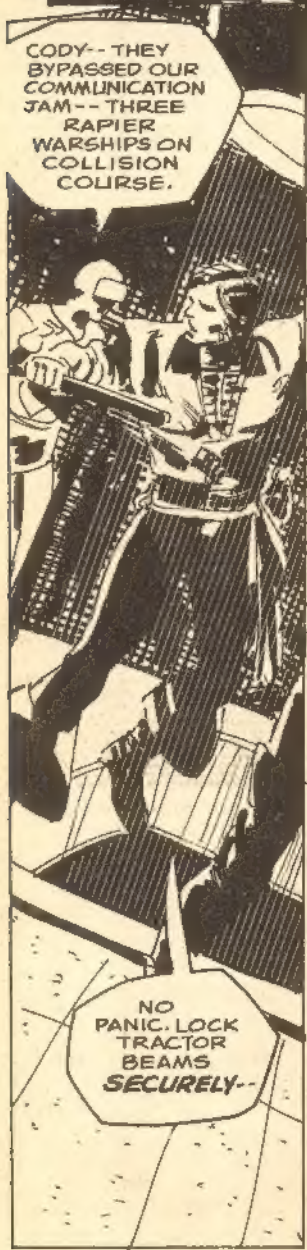
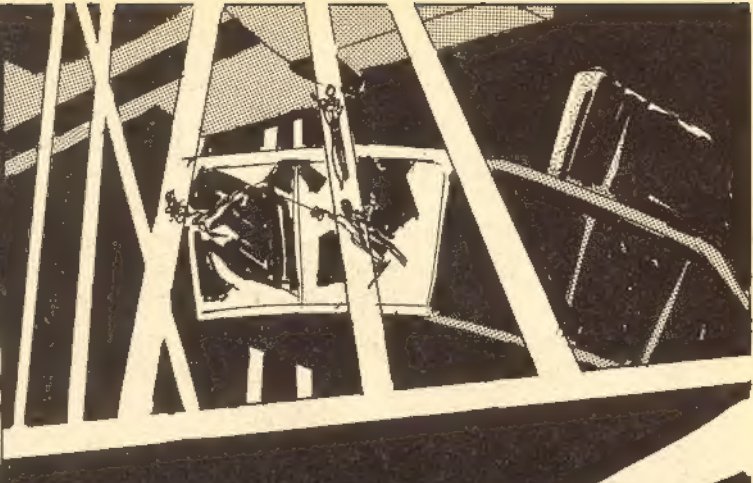


STARBUCK

THE "SURPRISING FIND" WAS AN ANONYMOUS LITTLE BOX OF CIRCUITRY-- THAT HELD THE KEY TO THE HUMAN FUTURE.

THE BASIC DESIGN FOR A **HYPER SPACE DRIVE**-- A DEVICE TO WARP THE TISSUE OF SPACE...TO OPEN THE STARS... THIS WAS THE **PRIZE**.

GOT IT, CODY!



LET'S GO!

WUP!
WUP!

CODY-- THEY
BYPASSED OUR
COMMUNICATION
JAM-- THREE
RAPIER
WARSHIPS ON
COLLISION
COURSE.

"AND FOUR
EVERY
**PLASMA
TORPEDO**
WE CAN
CREATE INTO
THE BASE
OF THE
MOUNTAIN."

"NOW... **MAINTAIN**
TRACTORS... AND
FIRE UP ENGINES
...KEEP TORPEDOES
FLOWING..."

"**RELEASE
TRACTORS!"**

NO
PANIC. LOCK
TRACTOR
BEAMS
SECURELY--

FATOOM!

"NICELY DONE.
TAKE HER
HOME,
PORFIRIO."

HOME, BEING
PAVEL... HUB
WORLD OF
ABRAXAS,
MULTI-PLANET
EMPIRE...



WHERE, AFTER
A DAY OF RED
TAPE, HE
CONFERES
WITH
STARDIN,
HEREDITARY
CHAIRWOMAN
OF
ABRAXAS.

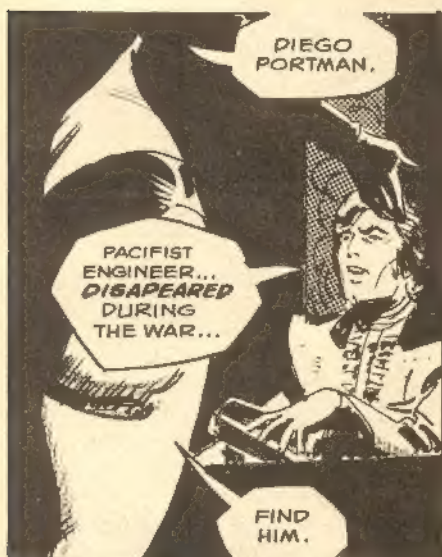


WORTHLESS?

RIGHT. IT'S IN
PERFECT SHAPE,
BUT FOR ONE
THING...

ITS
ENTIRE
OPERATION
IS KEYED TO
THE HAND-
PRINTS OF
ITS INVENT-
OR.

WHO
IS--?



DIEGO
PORTMAN.

PACIFIST
ENGINEER...
DISAPPEARED
DURING
THE WAR...

FIND
HIM.

I'LL PAY YOU
5 MILLION CR
IN ANY
CURRENCY
YOU WISH.



FUCK THAT, SEÑORITA.
I COULD MAKE THAT
MUCH BY PUTTING A
DAGGER IN YOUR
THROAT.



SO?

WARP DRIVE WILL MAKE YOU
A **FORTUNE**. I WANT 50%
OF PROFITS FOR THE NEXT
25 YEARS. NO **MORE**,
NO **LESS**.




BUT...!

NO BUTS.
IF I DON'T
FIND HIM,
NO ONE
WILL.

DONE. IF YOU
DON'T FIND HIM
YOU GET **NOTHING**
--AND YOU PAY
YOUR OWN
EXPENCES.



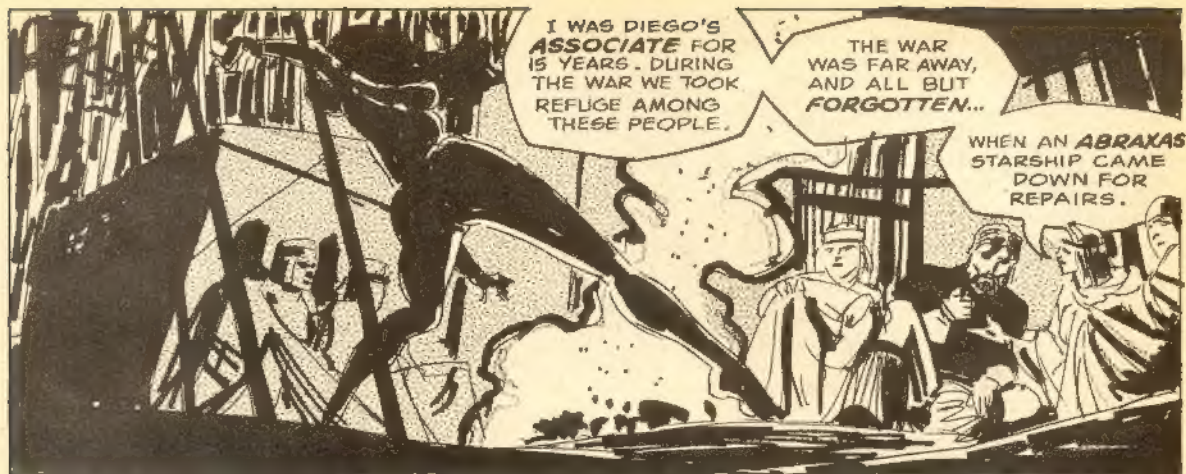
I'LL
LEAVE
IN THE
MORNING.



THUS BEGINS
AN ODYSSEY
OF VIOLENCE...

AS **STARBUCK**
TRAVELS
THROUGH NEAR
FORGOTTEN
CULTURES,
SEEKING
CLUES TO THE
TRAIL OF A
NEAR
FORGOTTEN
MAN.

HIS SEARCH YIELDS
LITTLE, UNTIL, ON
A SAVAGE PLANET
OF NOMADIC
TRIBES...



I WAS DIEGO'S ASSOCIATE FOR 15 YEARS. DURING THE WAR WE TOOK REFUGE AMONG THESE PEOPLE.

THE WAR WAS FAR AWAY, AND ALL BUT FORGOTTEN...

WHEN AN ABRAXAS STARSHIP CAME DOWN FOR REPAIRS.



ABRAXAS, EH?

I WAS IN THE HILLS, HUNTING, AT THE TIME.



THEY TOOK DIEGO -- "A WAR CRIMINAL."

THESE PEOPLE LOVED DIEGO -- THEY FOUGHT THE ABRAXAS SOLDIERS--

ONE OF THE OFFICERS THEY KILLED CARRIED THESE.



COMPUTER NAVIGATION INDEX. SPECTACULAR!



YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT HELP, HERR DONATO.

NOT AT ALL--OH YES. THE CHIEF IS SO PLEASED WITH YOUR GIFTS...




HE WISHES YOU TO HAVE HIS DAUGHTER.



HIS DAUGHTER.



THANK HIS HIGHNESS WITH ALL MY HEART.




EQUIPPED
FINALLY WITH
HIS FIRST
SOLID CLUE,
STARBUCK
TAKES OFF...

ACCOMPANIED BY
THE NOMAD GIRL...


HE INSERTS THE
NAVIGATION INDEX
IN ITS **PROPER**
SEQUENCE, AND
DISCOVERS THE
FINAL DESTINA-
TION TO BE...

PAVEL!
MATER
CHRISTI!!!




KNOWING
STARDIN, I'D
BEST SNEAK IN
THE **BACK**
WAY...

ON **PAVEL**...




STARDIN--OUR
CONCEALED PROBE
REPORTS **STARBUCK**
ENROUTE TO **PAVEL**
--AVOIDING ALL
HAILING CHANNELS--
ORDERS?

LET HIM
LAND-- KEEP
HIM UNDER
CONSTANT
SURVEILLANCE...



LET HIM
HAVE HIS
CHARADE...



THEN **ARREST**
HIM AND HIS
CHARGE.

more
gently...



HE LANDS IN THE
CARNIVAL QUARTER
--STREETS FILLED
WITH FIREWORKS
AND MAD COLOR...

ARMED WITH A
HOLOGRAM OF
DIEGO PORTMAN...

STARBUCK
PREPARES
TO
FINISH
HIS
MISSION.

TAKE
CARE OF
HER, WULF.

GLADLY, CODY.
AS FOR PORTMAN...
IT'S HARD TO PEEP
IN THESE CROWDS,
BUT I'M GETTING
SOMETHING AT
THE **COMEDIA**
DELARTE.



DOWN WINDING
STREETS HE STALKS,
UNWARE OF
ANOTHER
HARLEQUIN
WHO FOLLOWS.



UNTIL, AT THE
THEATRICAL
SQUARE...

IF WULF IS
RIGHT,
HE'S IN THE
CROWD...



SUDDENLY...

NO, DAMMIT!
HE'S THE
PUPPETEER!



AS THE CROWD
DRIFTS AWAY, **STAR-**
BUCK STEPS **BEHIND**
THE STAGE, AND...

HERR
PORTMAN,
I--

SO, YOU'VE
FOUND ME...
GOOD-- SHOOT,
OR STAB, OR --



HUSH! I
AM NO ASSASSIN.
I BRING A
PROPOSITION.



SUBJECT ENTERING
STEAMWAGON BEHIND
COMMEDIA DELARTE --
ARMED WITH A BLADE...
NO VISIBLE FIREARM...
WITH OLD MAN FIT-
TING DESCRIPTION...

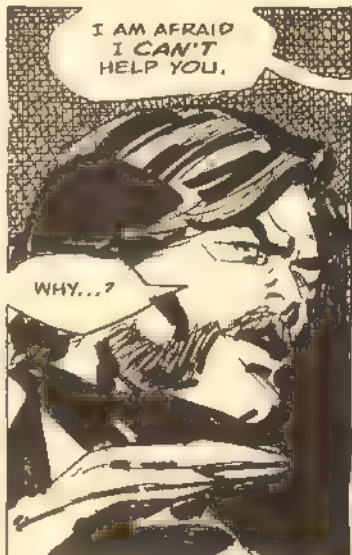


CAN WE
TALK IN YOUR
WAGON?



MY NAME IS
STARBUCK.
I'VE FOUND THE
COMPONENTS
TO YOUR WARD
DRIVE. WITH-
OUT YOU
IT IS--

YES. I
KNOW. A
MEANINGLESS
PIECE OF
METAL.



I AM AFRAID
I **CAN'T**
HELP YOU.

WHY...?



NOT WON'T
--CAN'T. YOU
SEE--

JESUS!



SUDDENLY...

STAND
PAT, **STARBUCK**
YOU'RE
UNDER--

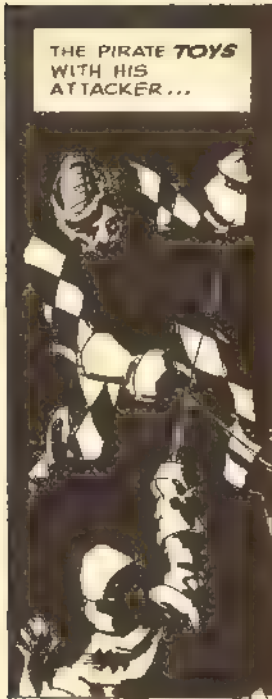
IN HIS LONG SEARCH, STAR-
BUCK FOUND MANY AN
ODDITY ONE SUCH IS A
TWO SHOT DERRINGER
LINKED WITH HIS PULSE.
CONCEALED IN A GLOVE,
IT **LEAPS** INTO HIS HAND.

SNIP



WITH THE
SPEED OF
THOUGHT!

THE JUNIOR OFFICER
TRIES TO GRAB THE
DEAD CAPTAIN'S
PISTOL.. BUT STAR-
BUCK TURNS
HIM AWAY ..



THE PIRATE **TOYS**
WITH HIS
ATTACKER...



FOR HE HAS
BLOODIED HIS
BLADE A
THOUSAND
TIMES...



WHAT DOES
ANOTHER
MEAN ?

A **THIRD** ASSAILANT
PICKS UP THE DIS-
CARDED **PISTOL**...



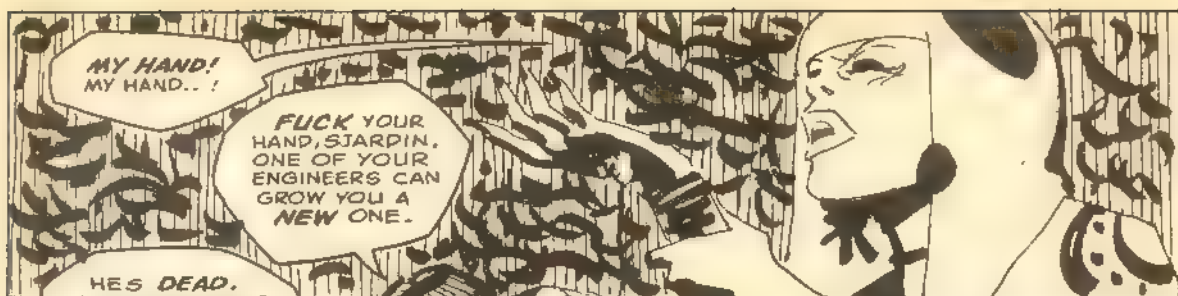
STARBUCK!
LOOK OU--!



THAK!

CRACK!

THE SHOOT
MISSES
STARBUCK,
TAKING
PORTMAN
FULL IN THE
CHEST.



MY HAND!
MY HAND..!

FUCK YOUR
HAND, SJARDIN.
ONE OF YOUR
ENGINEERS CAN
GROW YOU A
NEW ONE.

HE'S DEAD.
ALIVE HE MIGHT
HAVE HELPED US.
BUT...

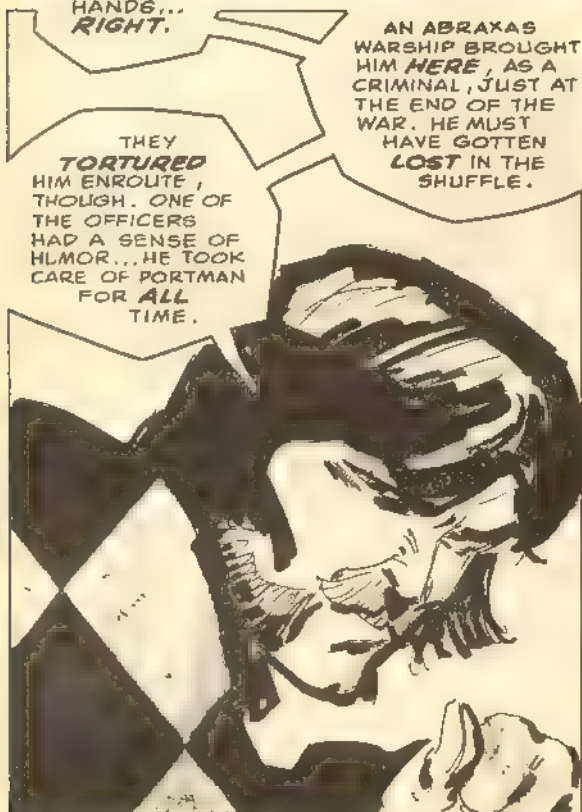
BUT
ALL WE
NEED ARE
HIS HAND
PRINTS...!



HIS
HANDS...
RIGHT.

AN ABRAXAS
WARSHIP BROUGHT
HIM HERE, AS A
CRIMINAL, JUST AT
THE END OF THE
WAR. HE MUST
HAVE GOTTEN
LOST IN THE
SHUFFLE.

THEY
TORTURED
HIM ENROUTE,
THOUGH. ONE OF
THE OFFICERS
HAD A SENSE OF
HLMOR... HE TOOK
CARE OF PORTMAN
FOR ALL
TIME.



HE LOPPED
OFF PORTMAN'S
HANDS AND
REPLACED
THEM WITH
CLONEDROID
PUPPETS!

CLEVER,
EH?



YOU CAN
HAVE YOUR BOYS
CLEAN UP
HERE.

I, FOR
ONE, NEED
A
DRINK.

THE
END

SOMEWHERE IN THE SLEAZY
DISTRICT OF KEY WEST, FLORIDA..

WHAT'S BUGGIN' YA,
MISSY? I BEEN
WATCHIN' YA WALK
BACK AN' FORTH
HERE FOR THE
LAST HOUR...

... AN' I
TELL
YA, MY
EYEBALLS
CAN'T TAKE
THAT MUCH
EXERCISE!

Oh, I ...
WELL,
YOU SEE
SIR...

I HAVE TO EARN
SOME MONEY SO
I CAN GO TO
ACAPULCO OVER
EASTER WITH
MY SORORITY
SISTERS

YES,
BUT
I'M SO
NERVOUS

IZZAT SO?

WELL, GET
YORE TAIL
IN THERE.

DON'T BE A
COWARD!

WHEN
YA GOTTA
GO, YA
GOTTA GO!

Oh...

TOPLESS
DANCERS
WANTED
NO
EXPERIENCE
NECESSARY



WHY
ROBESPIERRE,
YOU'VE OUTDONE
YOURSELF WITH
THIS ONE.

SHE'S
THE
BEST
OF THE
LOT!



Story -
MARY SKREWES
Art -
MIKE VOSSBURG
letters -
TOM ORZECOWSKI

YEAH... I THINK SHE'S
WORTH DOUBLE WHAT
YOU PAID FOR THOSE
OTHER BROADS.

WHATCHA
GONNA DO
WITH THEM,
ANYHOW?

WHAT'S SHE GONNA
DO? THAT'S NOT
FOR YOU TO KNOW,
SUCKER. SHE'S...

Linda
Lovcraft



DIVIN'
Pink
Flamin'
SATURDAY
MATINEE!

AND SHE'S GOT A LITTLE DEAL GOIN' WITH
the WHITE
SLAVERS
of
SCROFULA!

MEANWHILE NOT TOO FAR AWAY, AT THE BETTA ML SORORITY HOUSE...

MELODY DEAR,
SURPRISE YOUR
BIG SISTER'S
COME TO VISIT.

PE
LE
IS

KEY WEST

THE WANT ADS
DON'T TELL ME
THE LITTLE
DARLING IS
LOOKING FOR
A JOB.

WHAT:

Topless dance
wanted, 19-40
No experience
necessary.
Betty Rob's place
Pier nine

I'M AFRAID
WE'LL HAVE TO
STICK TO THE
AGREED-UPON
PRICE

LETCH
YOU CAN
TAKE HER
NOW.

WELL THEN, HOW MANY MORE
DO YOU WANT? YOU'LL HAVE TO
GIVE ME A COUPLE OF DAYS...

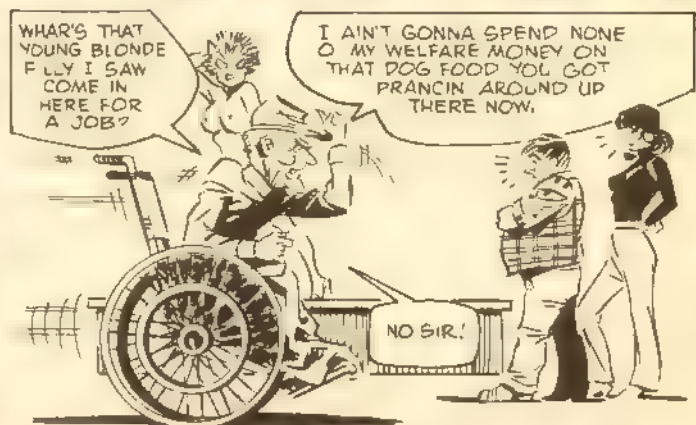
I HAVE
QUITE ENOUGH
FOR NOW, BUT
I'LL LET YOU
KNOW

OF
COURSE YOU
WON'T MENTION
OUR LITTLE
TRANSACTION
TO ANY
ONE!

SECONDS LATER, ERICA O'HARE ROARS TO A HALT IN FRONT OF BEEFY ROBS GO GO BAR, UNAWARE THAT HER UNCONSCIOUS SISTER IS BEING ABDONDED IN A VEHICLE ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY...

SCREECH

Book



POOR MELODY INDEED..



THERE'S
SOMETHING
DISTURBING
IN THAT
GIRL'S
AURA

WELL, I'M
SURE IT
WILL COME
CLEAR
IN DUE
TIME.



MADAME, THE
GENTLEMEN
FROM OUTER
SPACE ARE
READY TO
BEAM DOWN,
WHATEVER
THAT MEANS.

THE
SCROFFLIANS
ARE HERE!
EXCELLENT!



AND WHAT OF MELODY'S SISTER?

WAH SHOR, MAM!
AH SAW A RIG
LAHK THET
HEADIN
TOWARDS 'TH'
BEACH



SHE IS CALLED
VIXEN BY HER
EMPLOYERS..

Gasp
OK, OK,
I LL FINK
OUT,

THEY
RENTED A
LAUNCH
FROM CATFISH
BAITHOOK..

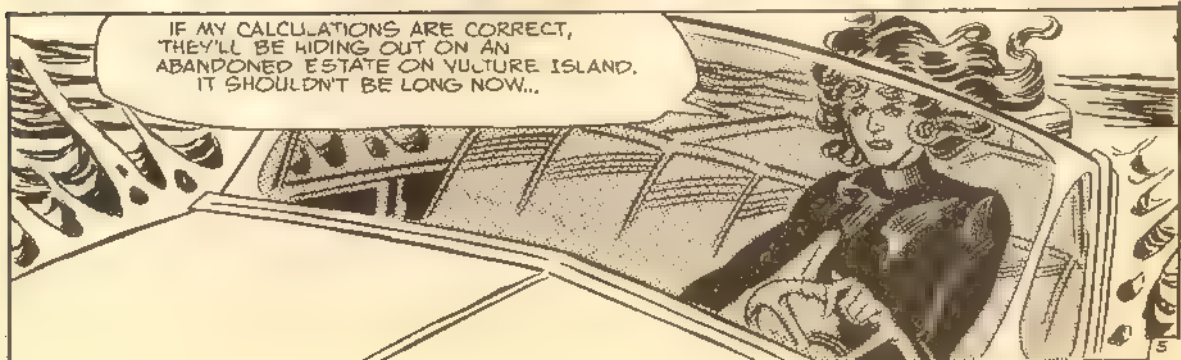


AND SHE
SEEMS TO KNOW
ABOUT GETTING
WHAT SHE WANTS
OUT OF PEOPLE..

YOU'RE
RIGHT. I
WAS WRONG!
YOL CAN
RENT THAT
BOAT RIGHT
THERE!



IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT,
THEY'LL BE HIDING OUT ON AN
ABANDONED ESTATE ON VULTURE ISLAND.
IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG NOW..



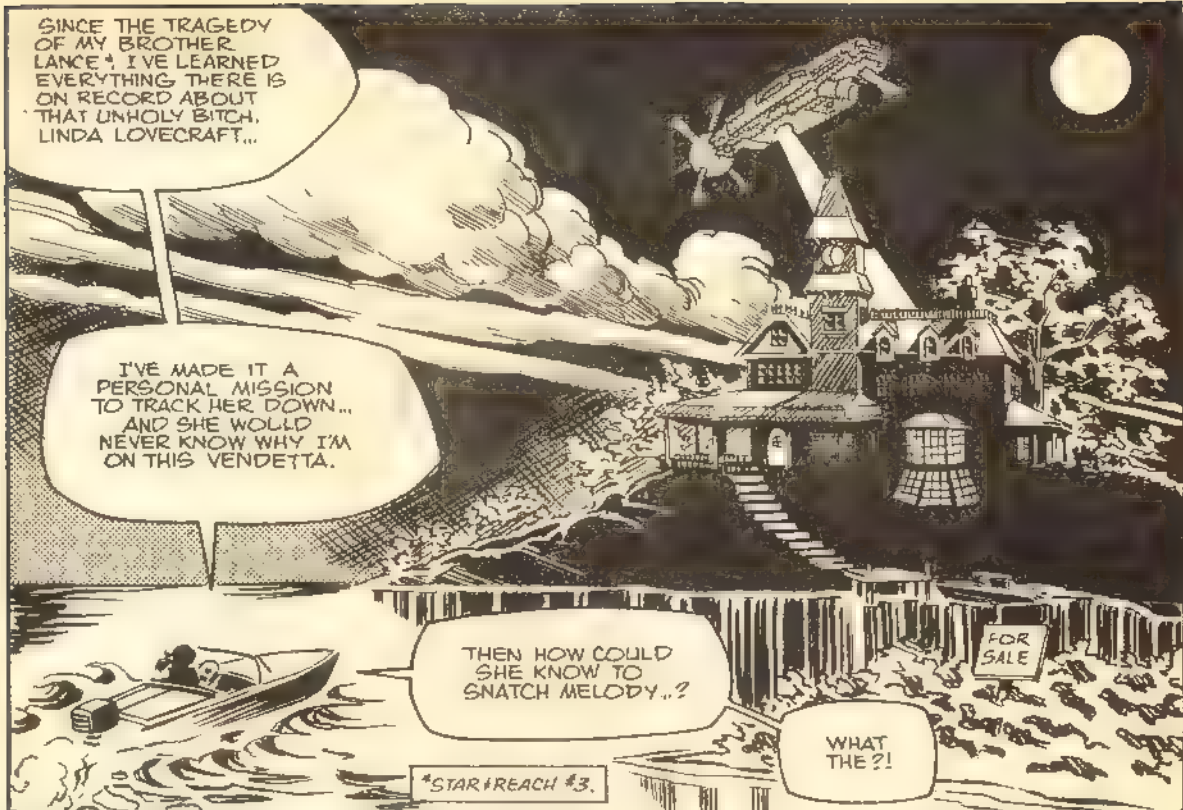
SINCE THE TRAGEDY
OF MY BROTHER
LANCE, I'VE LEARNED
EVERYTHING THERE IS
ON RECORD ABOUT
THAT UNHOLY BITCH,
LINDA LOVECRAFT...

I'VE MADE IT A
PERSONAL MISSION
TO TRACK HER DOWN...
AND SHE WOULD
NEVER KNOW WHY I'M
ON THIS VENDETTA.

THEN HOW COULD
SHE KNOW TO
SNATCH MELODY..?

WHAT
THE?!

*STAR REACH #3.



ALLOW ME
TO PRESENT
HIS MOST
AUSPICIOUS,
PENULTIMATE
MAJESTY...

...KING
COAL
OF
SCROFULA...



BRRRAAP! WHERE'S THE GASH?



ISN'T HE JUST
PERFECT!

THOSE GIRLS
ARE IN FOR
THE ULTIMATE
IN STEREO-
TYPED
FANTASY
EXPERIENCES!

UH, HE'S CUTE
ALL RIGHT.





HERE YOU ARE, KINGEY. A DELICIOUS ASSORTMENT OF GOODIES, ALL WORKING THEIR WAY THRU COLLEGE.

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS WHERE WE PAY FOR ALL THAT GOOD FOOD WE'VE BEEN EATIN'.

LOOK AT THE SHOULDERS ON THAT GUY!

BET HE'S WORTH MORE'N ELEVEN CALORIES A SHOT!



"AND FOR DESSERT, A PIECE OF WASP CANDY KNOWN AS MELODY."

M-MY FRIENDS CALL ME BUNNY.



FUCK THE MAIN COURSE I WANT HER NOW! I WON'T WAIT TO DESTROY THAT INNOCENCE!!

OF COURSE, KINGEYPOO.



BUT THERE'S THE LITTLE MATTER OF PAYMENT TO BE DISCUSSED!

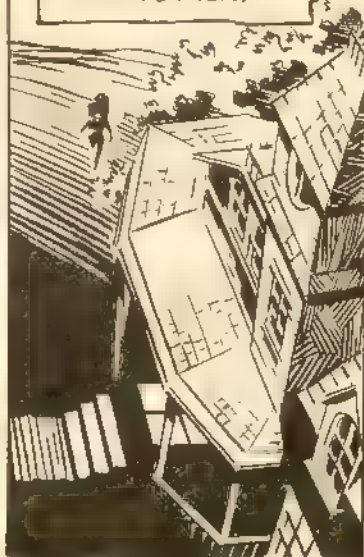
I WONDER IF IT WOULD DO ANY GOOD TO TELL THEM I'M ONLY A TECHNICAL VIRGIN.

IT'S GETTING CLOSE. WILL VIXEN MAKE IT IN TIME?

ON HER JOB, VIXEN O'HARE IS KNOWN FOR HER ABILITY TO ARRIVE IN THE NICK OF TIME



AND ON FAMILY MATTERS SHE TRIES TO GET THERE A LITTLE SOONER.



FORTUNATELY, I KEEP MY WALTHER P38 DISASSEMBLED AND CONCEALED IN THE LINING OF MY BRA FOR JUST SUCH EMERGENCIES!



HERE ARE THE SCROFULAN GEM STONES YOU ASKED FOR. TAKE THEM.



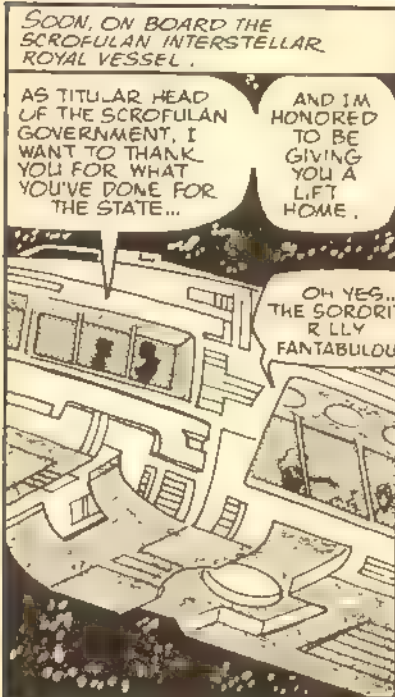
NOW GAZE UPON THE MAGNIFICENCE OF KING COAL OF SCROFULA!

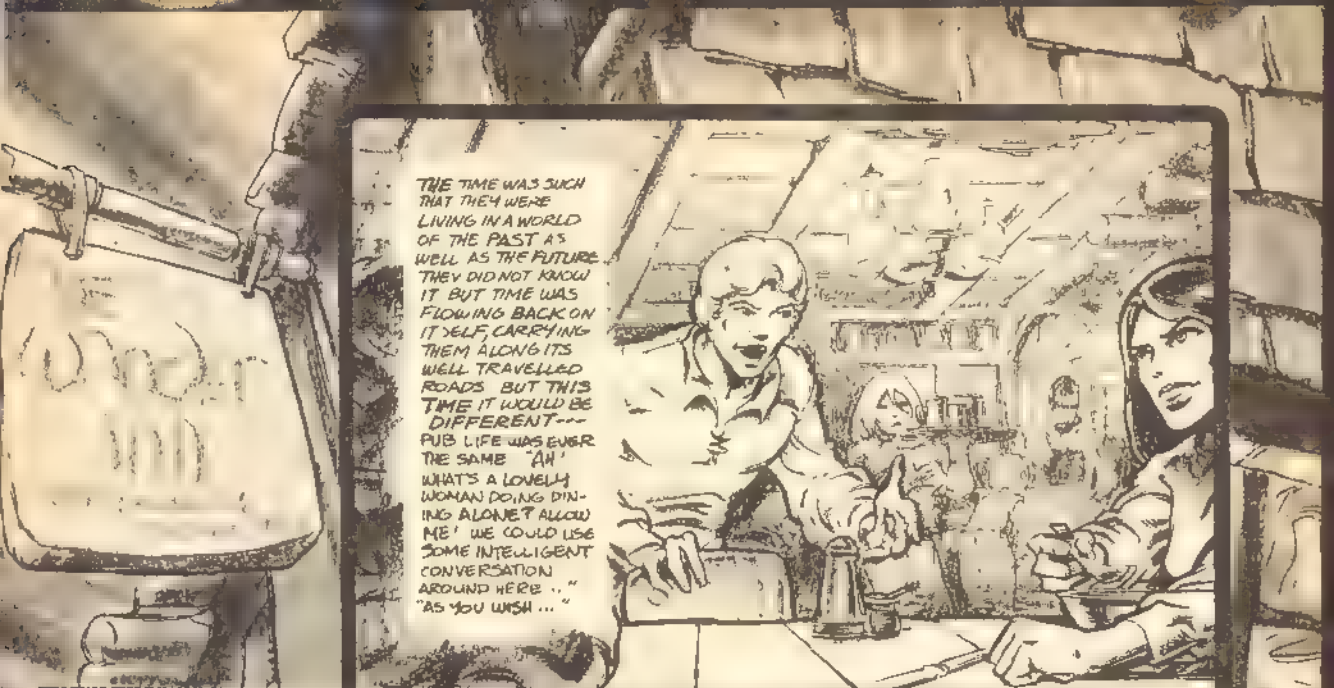




NEXT - a visit with the
MAD ARAB...

*"Nymph of the
Necronomicon!"*



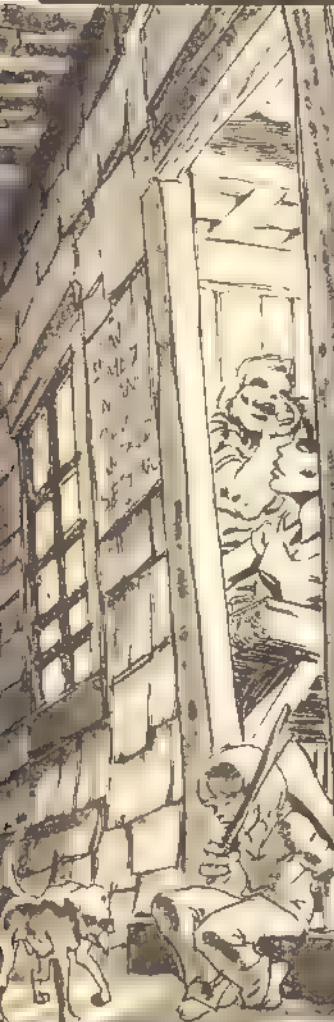


THE TIME WAS SUCH
THAT THEY WERE
LIVING IN A WORLD
OF THE PAST AS
WELL AS THE FUTURE
THEY DID NOT KNOW
IT BUT TIME WAS
FLOWING BACK ON
ITSELF, CARRYING
THEM ALONG ITS
WELL TRAVELLED
ROADS BUT THIS
TIME IT WOULD BE
DIFFERENT---
PUB LIFE WAS EVER
THE SAME "AH"
"WHAT'S A LONELY
WOMAN DOING DIN-
ING ALONE? ALLOW
ME! WE COULD USE
SOME INTELLIGENT
CONVERSATION
AROUND HERE ..."
"AS YOU WISH ..."



Marginal Incident

the prelude.



THE LONG SUMMER
WAS DRAWING TO A
CLOSE. FOR SEVERAL
YEARS THE HARVESTS
HAD BEEN MEAGER
AND THIS YEAR WAS
PROVING TO BE NO
EXCEPTION---
THEY CONTINUED
TO BEAR OFFERINGS
TO THE OLD ONES
EVEN THOUGH THEY
DIDN'T BELIEVE IN
THOSE GODS BUT
JUST IN CASE---

TRAVELLING WAS DANGEROUS,
SO FEW DARED IT! OPINION'S
VARIED BUT IT WAS THE COMMON
CONSENSUS THAT THE OUT-
CASTS -- THE MUTIES -- WERE
RESPONSIBLE!

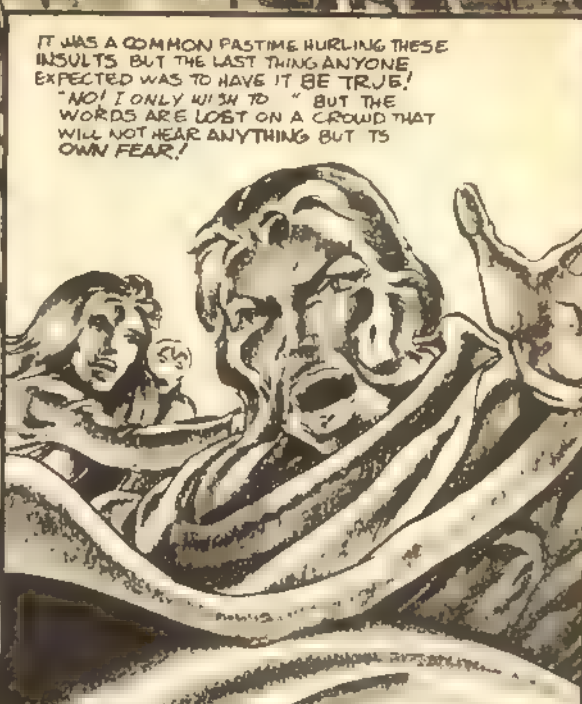
THE CONVERSATIONS
WERE ALWAYS THE
SAME -- IT WAS
THE CURSE OF
THE PAST -- THE
MUTIES WERE
TO BLAME //

MUTOS.. YOU NEVER KNOW!
OF COURSE MUTIE BEHAVIOR WAS
UNDERSTANDABLE -- THEY WERE
NOT CAPABLE OF MUCH AND ANYONE
FOOL ENOUGH TO TRAVEL THROUGH
THE AREAS OF SICKNESS DESERVED
WHAT THEY GOT! --- THE EVER
ACCUSING FINGER POINTS ---





AND FINDS A VICTIM!
"COME OUT INTO THE LIGHT
AND LET'S SEE WHAT"



IT WAS A COMMON PASTIME HURLING THESE
INSULTS BUT THE LAST THING ANYONE
EXPECTED WAS TO HAVE IT BE TRUE!
"NO! I ONLY WISH TO " BUT THE
WORDS ARE LOST ON A CROWD THAT
WILL NOT HEAR ANYTHING BUT ITS
OWN FEAR!



THE REACTION COMES WITHOUT
THOUGHT! FISTS AND BOOTS
SWIFTLY FIND THEIR MARK---



HE'S THROWN TO THE
GROUND AND LIES
THERE MOTIONLESS



TIME IS SUSPENDED AND
THEN THE MOMENT'S
OVER



RAIN WOULD BE HEARD
AND THE GLARE OF
LIGHTNING FILLED
THE SMALL ROOM.



LEAVING ONLY THE ASTONISHED
AND THE SOUND OF THUNDER!

IT WAS SOME TIME
BEFORE ANYONE SPoke
THE ANGER WAS GONE
NOW LEAVING ONLY
BE WILDERMENT!
THE TAVERN EMPTIED
W/ CALY AND BEING
LONG EVEN THE
RAIN WAS GONE

"MY GOD!
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE?"

"HE'S DEAD!"

THIS WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO
HAPPEN! REALLY! THESE WERE
GOOD FOLK! THEY DID NOT KILL!

THE RAIN HAD CLEANSED THE AIR AND ALL AROUND WAS A NEW WORLD. THIS WAS A DAY THAT COULD ALMOST MAKE ONE FORGET THE HARDSHIPS AND DANGERS...

ONE COULD ALMOST ENJOY THE LIFE AROUND ONESELF. PERHAPS THERE WAS LITTLE TO HOPE FOR, BUT STILL...

THERE WERE MOMENTS THAT MADE IT ALL WORTH IT...

IT HAS BEEN SOME TIME SINCE HE'S HAD SUCH AN ATTENTIVE AUDIENCE, HE MAKES THE BEST OF IT, POURING OUT TALE AFTER TALE...

"LOOK, IT'S TIME I WARNED YOU," SHE BEGINS...

"THIS JOURNEY IS DANGEROUS! REALLY DANGEROUS!"

"I CAN FEEL IT--THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD. I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO BECOME INVOLVED."

"WHAT?!"

"I CAN'T GET OFF HERE AND BESIDES, IF THERE'S TROUBLE YOU'LL REALLY NEED ME!"

ONE NEVER KNEW JUST WHAT ONE'D STUMBLE INTO... HIS VOICE RINGS OUT IN THE STILL AFTERNOON. "SO, MY LOVELY! WE MEET AGAIN. I LOST YOU IN ALL THE CONFUSION BACK THERE. TOO BAD ABOUT THE AUTO! AT LEAST THE RATES ARE WITH US TODAY!"

"ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! NO NEED TO SHOUT, BUT THERE'S HARDLY ENOUGH ROOM FOR TWO HERE..."

"BESIDES, YOU DON'T REALLY THINK..."

"LOOK!"

A SHARP COMMAND, AND THE WAGON STOPS. "WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE, FOLKS. JUST A KINDLY HELPIN' HAND," THE VOICE BELIES THE INTENT!

OH, BUT HE WILL HAVE NONE OF THAT! "THESE ARE DANGEROUS TIMES," HE SAYS, "AND A WOMAN SHOULD NOT BE OUT TRAVELLING ALONE." HE CLIMBS ABOARD AND MAKES HIMSELF RIGHT AT HOME, BLABBERING OF ALL THE WONDERS OF NATURE...

THE ROAD GOES EVER ON AND THEY PASS FROM THE FOOTHILLS INTO THE DEEPER FORESTS. SOON IT WILL BE NIGHT.

"WHAT KIND OF HELP?" JOHN QUERIES, PREPARING FOR THE INEVITABLE. NO ONE MOVES. HE TENSES... "WE HAVE NOTHING FOR YOU. GO AWAY!"

"NOW YOU JUST COME DOWN OUTTA THERE. WE GOT YOU SURROUNDED!"

AN OLD LINE, WHICH PROVOKES AN EVEN OLDER RESPONSE.

"FROM OUT OF NOWHERE THEY SPRANG. THERE ARE ONLY THREE BUT SURPRISE STILL CARRIES ITS ADVANTAGES. 'WE'LL GET EM, POP,' THEY CALL TO EACH OTHER. 'NOW YOU BOYS BE REAL CAREFUL AND DON'T HURT THEM TOO BAD. AT LEAST NOT THIS ONE!'"



THE BONDS OF CIVILIZATION WERE BROKEN WHEN THE WORLD DIED AND BEGAN AGAIN. THIS FIGHT HELD NO BONDS AND THE RESULTS WERE FAST AND FINAL.



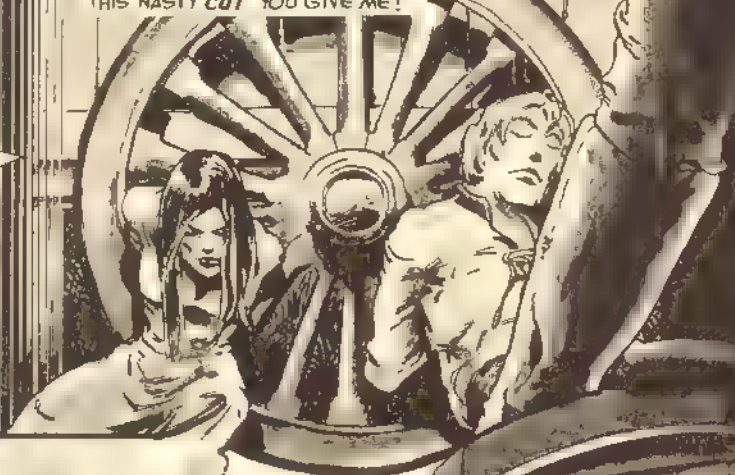
TWO ON ONE - THE WIELDER ADVANCES..



THERE IS NO SET
PATTERN TO FOLLOW
THE FINISH IS CLEAR.



IT'S BUT A MOMENT'S WORK.
THEY KNOW THE ROUTINE.
THEY'VE DONE ALL THIS BEFORE
"WE MUTES GOT A REPUTATION
TO UPHOLD. RIGHT, BOYS? AND
I GOTTA PAY **YOU** BACK FOR
THIS NASTY CUT YOU GIVE ME!"



BUT FIRST, YOU BOYS
SEARCH THE WAGON!
LET'S SEE WHAT WE
CAN FIND!" **NO!**

SHE HAS ONLY ONE
THOUGHT, "THEY MUST
NOT FIND HIM!"

WAS THERE NO
STOPPING THIS
THING?



"I DON'T SEE
NOTHIN', POP!"



"OKAY, WELL, TAKE CARE OF
THESE TWO FIRST, THEN
GET THIS STUFF MOVIN'."



EDDIES IN THE TIME STREAM...
RANDOM FACTORS BECOME
DECISIVE FORCES. THE
PLAY CONTINUES...

WITH A VENGEANCE!

WITH SURPRISE ON THEIR SIDE.

IT'S SHORT WORK, THE WOUNDED MAN GOES DOWN, LEAVING A DEMORALIZED PAIR OF COWARDS, THEY CAN SEE NO ALTERNATIVE ..

THEY RUN! A MINOR SKIRMISH, AND IT WOULD NOT BE NOTED IF NOT FOR THOSE PLAYING THE ROLES ..

HER VOICE IS WEARY
"NO! WAIT WE HAVE MORE URGENT MATTERS TO ATTEND!"

WITH A START, JON REALIZES THAT THIS MAN IS THE SAME ONE KILLED? A MUTE? FORMERLY A KNIFE-WIELDING BENEFACTOR, THE CLOAKED FIGURE IS NOW IN NEED OF SUPPORT.

THERE IS LITTLE SAID
THERE IS LITTLE THAT NEEDS TO BE SAID

THE SILENCE BECOMES
AWKWARD. AT LEAST SHE
COULD HAVE TOLD HIM
INSTEAD OF LETTING HIM
PLAY THE FOOL, BUT ALL
HE CAN SAY IS, "THE RAIN .. AT LEAST
HE CAN SAY IS, "THE RAIN .. AT LEAST
IT'S LET UP"

YES.. SO IT HAS

WE ARE DIFFER-
ENT, HE AND I AND
THE OTHERS.

"WE ARE THOSE WITH
THE 'SICKNESS' WHO
ARE LEFT TO DIE IN
FORESTS. WE DO
NOT ALL DIE.

WE CANNOT LIVE
AMONG AEN,
YOU'VE SEEN
THAT THERE ARE
THOSE AMONG US
WHO WISH TO
WAR. WHO KNOWS?
THAT MAY BE THE
WAY. I CAN ONLY
HOPE NOT "

"YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT
HELP TO US. WE DO
NOT FORGET THESE
THINGS. I GIVE YOU
THIS."

"YOU MUST STAY
BEHIND. DO NOT
GET INVOLVED IN
THIS. OUR LOSSES
WILL BE TOO
GREAT THERE IS
A STRUGGLE HERE
BUT IT IS NOT FOR
YOU. I WISH YOU
PEACE "

JON WOULD HAVE GONE
WITH THEM. HE COULD
NOT EXPLAIN IT. THIS
WAS, PERHAPS, THE
BEST WAY.

HE SEARCHED FOR THEM BUT AS
TIME PASSED SO DID THE MEMORIES.
EVENTUALLY IT CAME THAT HE HOME-
STEADED IN THE NORTHERN FIELDS...
THE NORTH THAT REMAINED
UNTOUCHED BY THE BLOODSHED
THAT WAS YET TO COME

LEIGHA
1976

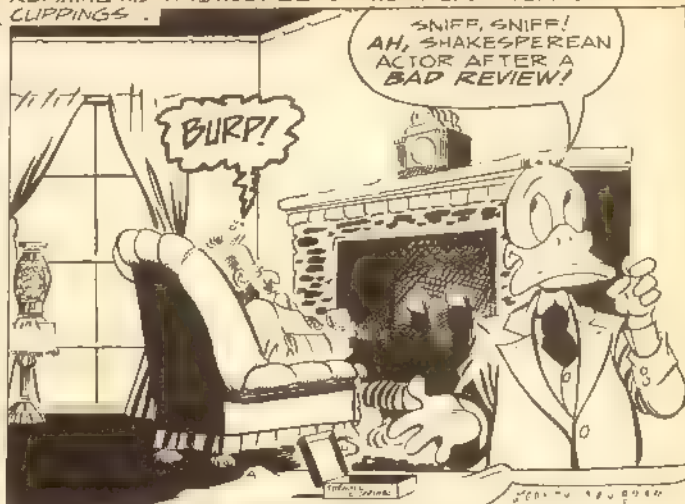
SHERLOCK DUCK

"A WINTER NIGHT IN '93. THE DUCK AND I WERE ESCONCED IN OUR BAKER STREET LODGINGS, I SIPPING A FINE PORT (VIN DE FABIAN FORTÉ '59), AND SHERLOCK REFINING HIS KNOWLEDGE OF WEST END TOENAIL CUPPINGS."

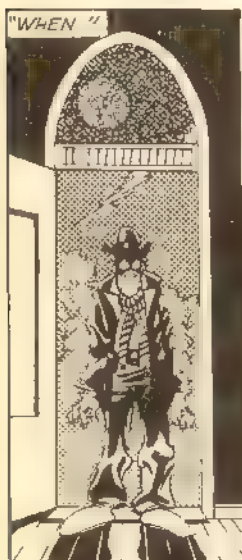
A TALE CALCULATED TO CASH IN ON FADS INVOLVING BRITISH SLEUTHS AND SCREWBALL DUCKS!



THE ADVENTURE OF THE ANIMATED GOVERNMENT

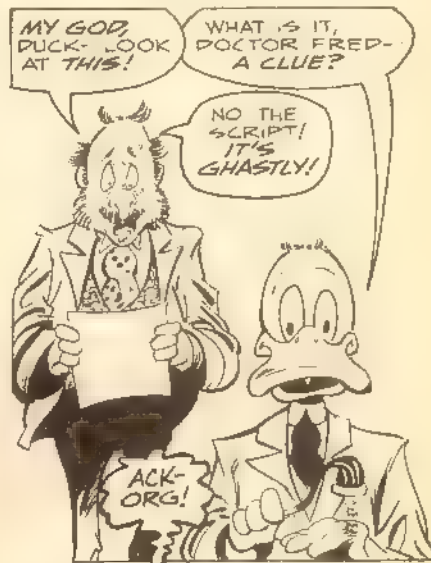


SNIFF, SNIFF!
AH, SHAKESPEREAN ACTOR AFTER A BAD REVIEW!



DEOLNLA-
ILODTST
UGTOHUH
ELRDJA
ND- MFF-
GRBFX-
RALSON
ONNA
RILLA-
RAH!

DOWN THE
HALL AND TO
THE RIGHT,
MY GOOD
MAN!

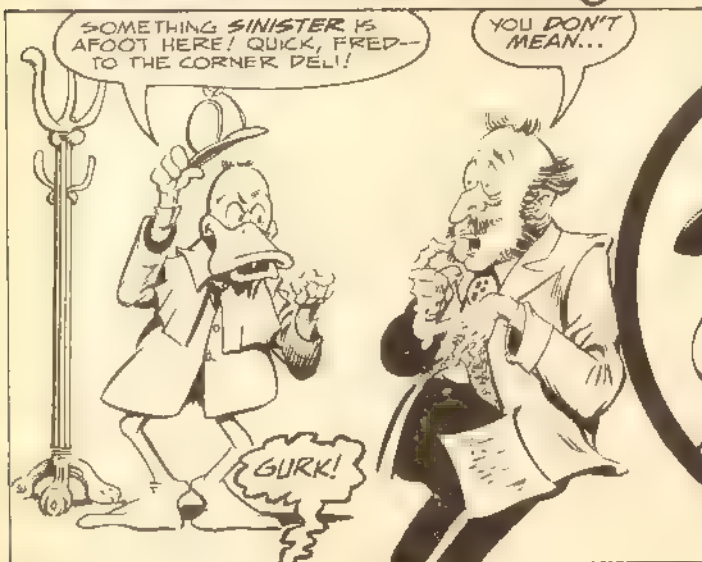


MY GOD,
DUCK- LOOK
AT THIS!

WHAT IS IT,
DOCTOR FRED-
A CLUE?

NO THE
SCRIPT!
IT'S
GHASTLY!

ACK-
ORG!



SOMETHING SINISTER IS
AFOOT HERE! QUICK, FRED--
TO THE CORNER DELI!

YOU DON'T
MEAN...

GURK!



YES! THEY'VE
RAISED THE
PRICE OF
CORNER
BEEF!

"AS I WAITED FOR THE DUCK AT THE CORNER, I WONDERED WHAT BAFFLING MYSTERY WE'D STUMBLED UPON THIS TIME..."

EVIL WAS AFOOT,
BUT THEN,
IT RARELY TAKES THE BUS

WORM
AND
PERVERT
PUB
WINES AND
ALES
JIM ECCLES,
PROP.

I SUPPOSE
YOU'RE WONDERING
WHAT BAFFLING
MYSTERY WE'VE
STUMBLED UPON
THIS TIME.

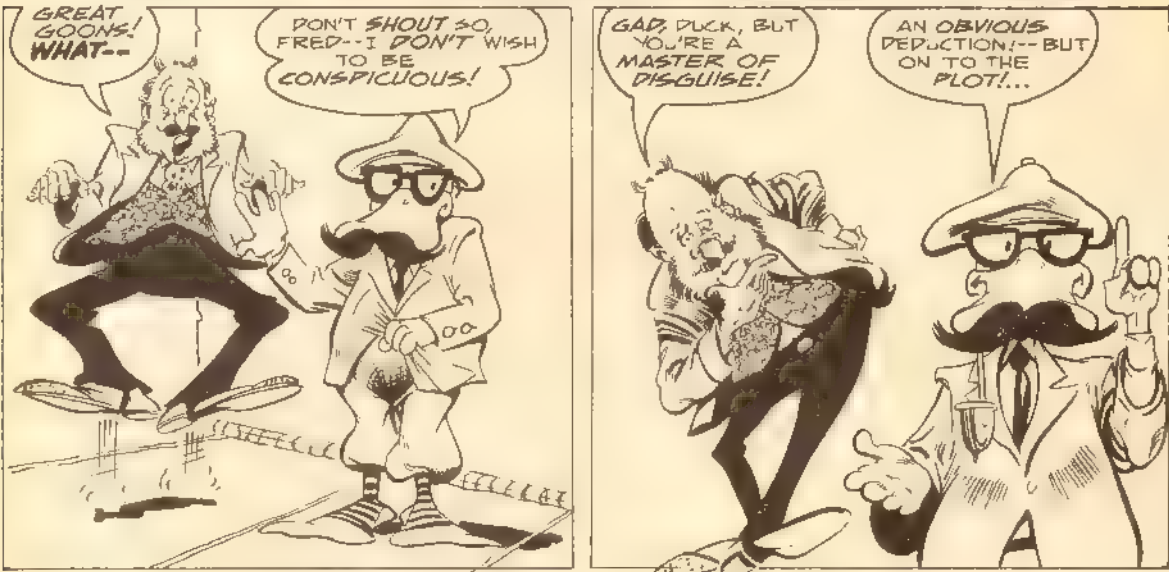


GREAT
GOONS!
WHAT--

DON'T SHOUT SO,
FRED--I DON'T WISH
TO BE
CONSPICUOUS!

GAD, DUCK, BUT
YOU'RE A
MASTER OF
DISGUISE!

AN OBVIOUS
DEDUCTION!-- BUT
ON TO THE
PLOT!...

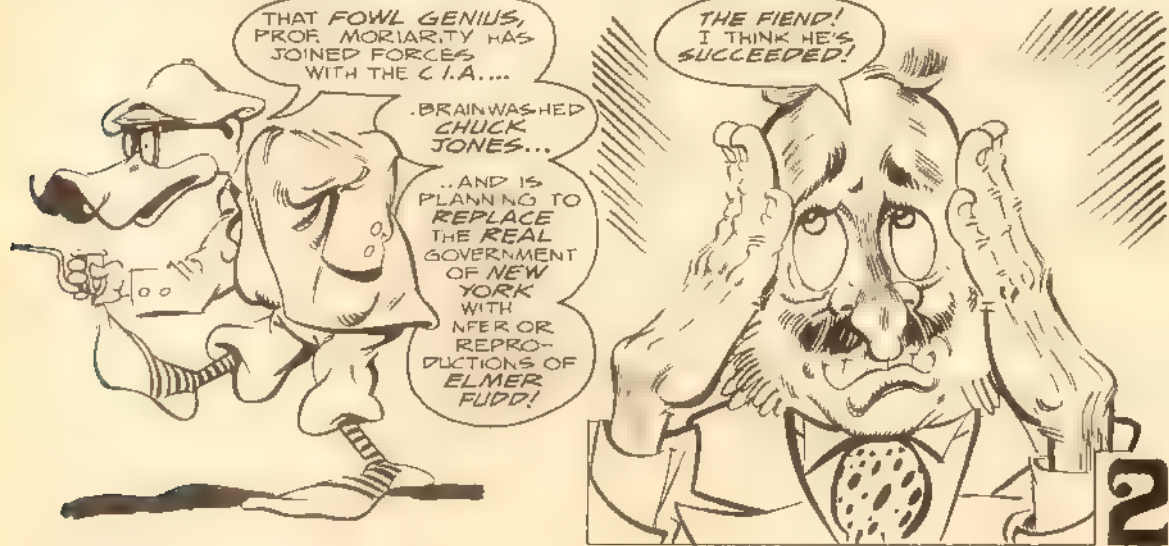


THAT FOWL GENIUS,
PROF. MORIARTY HAS
JOINED FORCES
WITH THE C.I.A....

..BRAINWASHED
CHUCK
JONES...

..AND IS
PLANNING TO
REPLACE
THE REAL
GOVERNMENT
OF NEW
YORK
WITH
NEER OR
REPRO-
DUCTIONS OF
ELMER
FUDD!

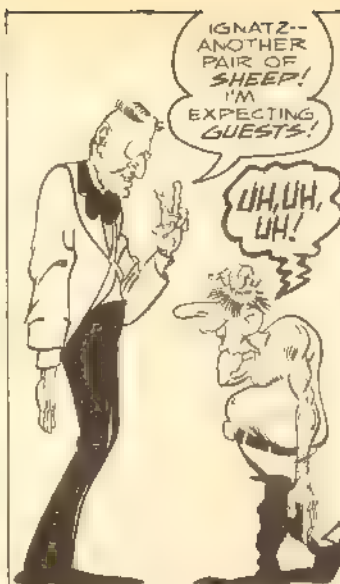
THE FIEND!
I THINK HE'S
SUCCEEDED!



ON PAGE 3, WE ARE INTRODUCED TO PROF MORIARITY, FIEND INCARNATE...



THANK YOU!



IGNATZ-- ANOTHER PAIR OF SHEEP! I'M EXPECTING GUESTS!

UH, UH, UH!



MORIARITY ENTERPRISES LTD.

AHA!

WE'VE FOUND YOUR SECRET LABORATORY! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT THIS TIME, MORIARITY...

HIGH BLACK LEATHER BOOTS COURTESY OF IN PASKO!

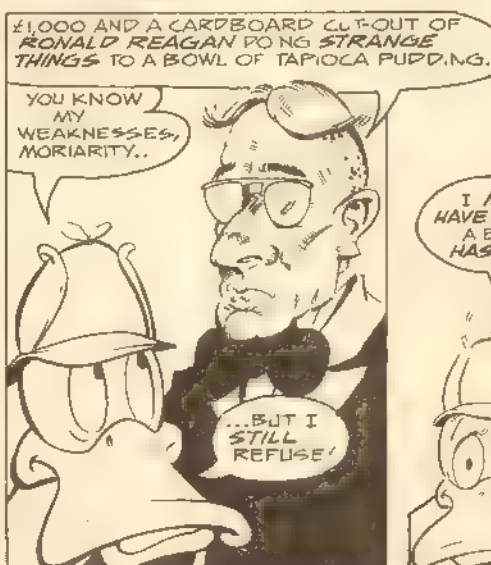
.. YOU SWINE!



HOW ABOUT £1,000 TO FORGET THE WHOLE THING?

HAH! I MAY BE ADDICTED TO A 7% SOLUTION OF WATER AND KERLINS OF "IT'S ABOUT TIME..."

..BUT I DO HAVE SOME INTEGRITY!



£1,000 AND A CARDBOARD CUT-OUT OF RONALD REAGAN PONG STRANGE THINGS TO A BOWL OF TAPIOCA PUDDING.

YOU KNOW MY WEAKNESSES, MORIARITY...

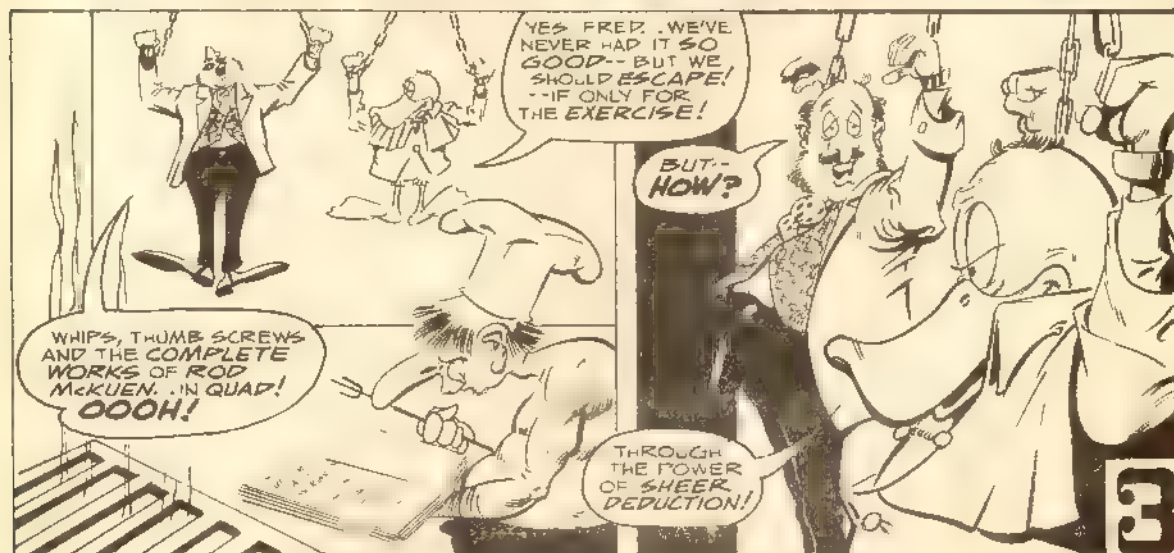
...BUT I STILL REFUSE!



TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER WITH THEM, IGNATZ!

UH, UH, UH!

I MAY HAVE BEEN A BIT HASTY!



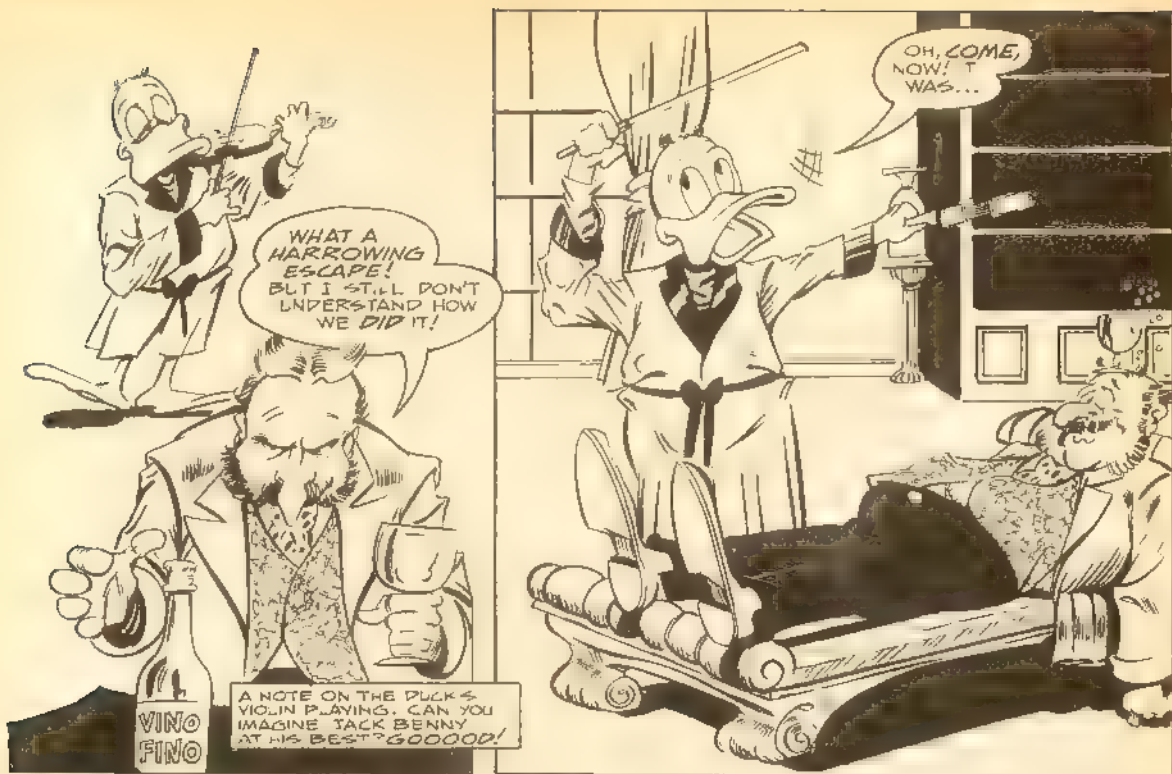
YES FRED, WE'VE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD-- BUT WE SHOULD ESCAPE! --IF ONLY FOR THE EXERCISE!

BUT-- HOW?

WHIPS, THUMB SCREWS AND THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ROD MCKUEN... IN QUAD! OOOH!

THROUGH THE POWER OF SHEER DEDUCTION!

3



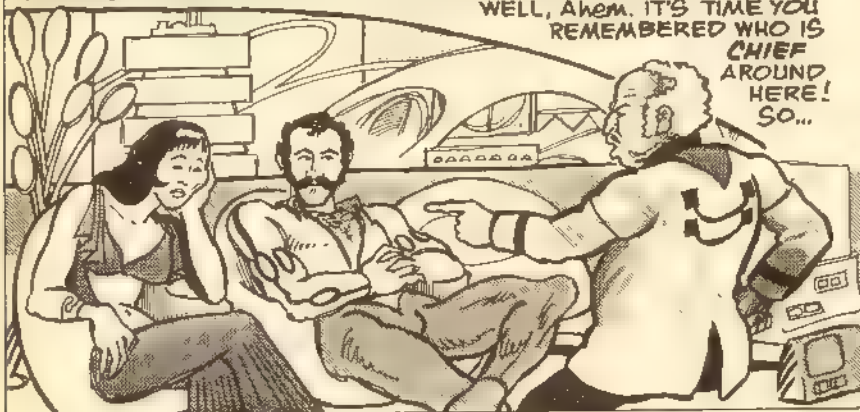
·ELEMENTARY·
·MY DEAR FRED·
·ELEMENTARY·



HIDDEN WORLDS

EARTHPROBE CENTRAL IS TIRED OF YOUR COST OVERRUNS, YOUR CARELESS DESTRUCTION OF CORPORATE EQUIPMENT, YOUR... WELL, AHEM. IT'S TIME YOU REMEMBERED WHO IS

CHIEF AROUND HERE! SO...

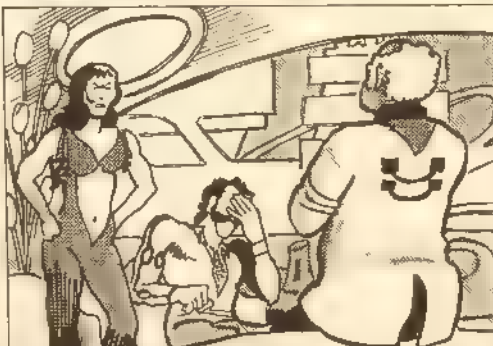


...YOU'RE GOING AFTER THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!

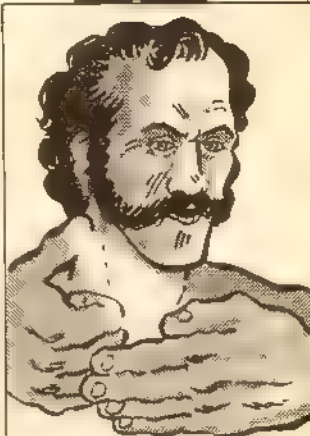


WHAT? ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT OLD FRAUD?

RIDICULOUS! BIGFOOT WAS DEBUNKED YEARS AGO!



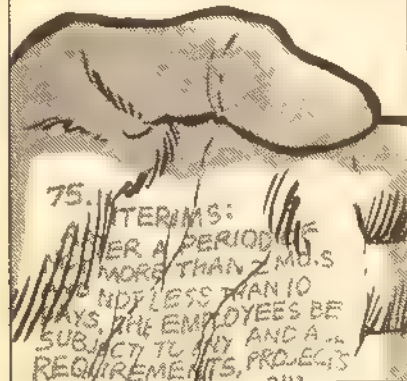
NO, THE MYSTERY WAS JUST DROPPED, NOT SOLVED. ACCORDING TO YOUR CONTRACTS, YOU MUST ACCEPT ANY PROJECT AFTER A HIATUS OF MORE THAN TWO MONTHS. GET GOING, SNOWBUNNIES.



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BACK IN THE MINOR LEAGUES. HE'S RIGHT, NIKKI...

RIGHT HERE IN THE FINE PRINT: CLAUSE 75. LET'S GO.

WHO KNOWS? MAYBE IT'LL BE THE HIGHLIGHT OF YOUR CAREERS!



TWO DAYS LATER



HIDDEN DREAMS

by LEE MARRS
FROM A STORY BY
MAL WARWICK

LETTERING-
TOM ORZECOWSKI



THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN... BIGFOOT... SASQUATCH... THE YETI. HULKING MENACE HAUNTING THE MINDS OF EXPLORERS FOR CENTURIES. ONCE REVERED BY THE TIBETANS... MORE THAN A MYTH BUT A WORN JOKE FOR GENERATIONS. TRACKS DOCUMENTED, BLURRED PHOTOGRAPHS, VAGUE TRIDEES, TORN BODIES AS MUTE TESTIMONY TO THEIR EXISTANCE. SONAR ATTEMPTS FOILED BY ORE DEPOSITS AND SNOW-STORMS, THE YETI WAITS.

SNOWMEN! LOGAN, AFTER TEN YEARS IN EARTHPROBE, THIS DIPSHIT PROJECT WILL GET US LAUGHED OFF THE VIEWCUBES!

AW, SHUT UP.

THAT'S RIGHT, IGNORE THE WHOLE PROBLEM! IT'S YOUR GODDAM LAISSEZ-FAIRE ATTITUDE THAT GOT US HERE. SHIT.

DON'T GIVE ME THAT, NIKKI. IN NINE YEARS OF PARTNERSHIP, I'VE NEVER KNOWN YOU TO OVERLOOK ONE CLAUSE IN OUR CONTRACTS! YOU JUST..

HA! YOU'RE THE ONE WITH AN ADVANCED COMMERCIAL CONSUMER TECH RATING! MR. BIGSHOT!

I'M SICK
OF YOUR
CARPING,
NIKKI!

YOU
FOOL,
WHY
DON'T...

GODDAMMIT,
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

LOGAN!

NIKKI,
MAY I
PRESENT
LOGAN RHINE.

HANG
ON.
YOU'LL
COME
THRU
THE
OTHER
SIDE. YOU
WILL.

LOGAN!
YOU ASSHOLE!
SPEAK TO
ME! LOGAN!
DON'T LEAVE
ME, PLEASE.
LOGAN?



THEN,
ENTER.
BY YOUR
OWN
CHOICE
YOU JOIN
US.



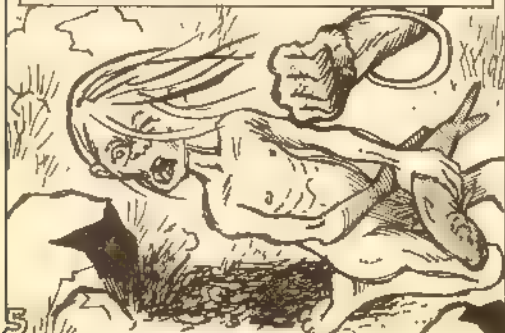
HOLY
SHIT!

I, SOONA, THE GUARDIAN, OFFER YOU WELCOME IN THE NAME OF ALL M'PANOI. NOTE NOW AND ALWAYS THAT HERE AMONG US SILENCE IS EXPECTED OURS IS A CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE, FREE OF STRIFE OR DISTRACTION.

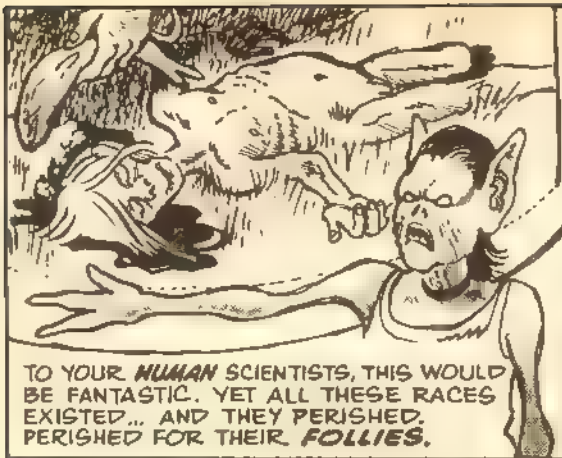


WE OBSERVE THE WAYS OF THOSE OTHER MIGHTY RACES WHO ALSO ONCE EXPERIENCED THE RICHNESS OF THIS EARTH... THE YETI... THOSE YOU CALL DEVILS... THESE: CRO-MAGNONS.

FROM THESE, AND OTHERS, WE LEARN OF THE WAYS WHICH LEAD TO CERTAIN EXTINCTION. AMONG THE CRO-MAGNON, FOR EXAMPLE, IT WAS LOVE OF SELF INCOMPATIBLE WITH TRIBAL LIFE.



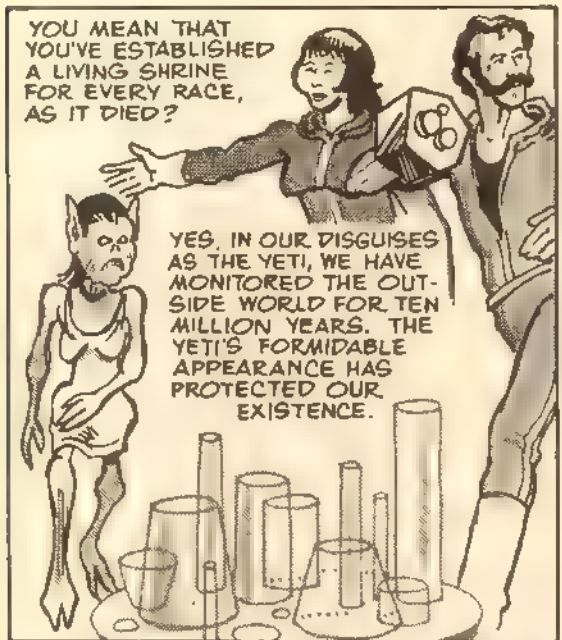
IN EACH OF THESE RACES WAS A CRUELY FATAL FLAW: THE VICIOUSNESS OF THE YETI, FAR GREATER THAN ITS NEED FOR SELF PRESERVATION... NEANDERTHAL STUPIDITY, THE DEVILS' CLOSED-MINDED CLANNISHNESS, THE SELF-CONFIDENCE OF THE GIANTS.



TO YOUR **HUMAN** SCIENTISTS, THIS WOULD BE FANTASTIC. YET ALL THESE RACES EXISTED... AND THEY PERISHED. PERISHED FOR THEIR **FOLLIES**.



SOON YOUR RACE, TOO, WILL DIE BECAUSE OF THAT FOLLY WE CALL **GREED**... GREED FOR THOSE EMPTY ABSOLUTES "HAPPINESS" AND "PEACE"... GREED FOR ALL THAT ELUDES YOUR GRASP! YOUR RACE HAS **EARNED** ITS PLACE HERE.



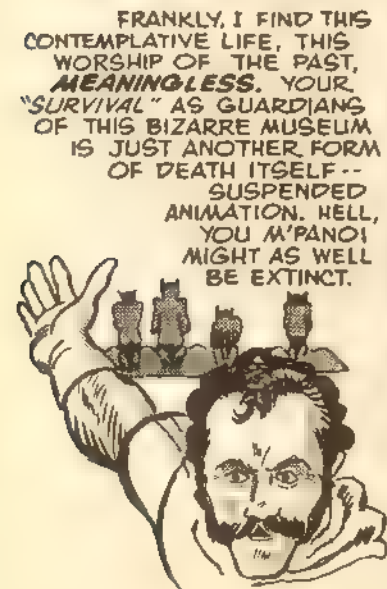
YOU MEAN THAT YOU'VE ESTABLISHED A LIVING SHRINE FOR EVERY RACE, AS IT DIED?

YES, IN OUR DISGUISES AS THE YETI, WE HAVE MONITORED THE OUTSIDE WORLD FOR TEN MILLION YEARS. THE YETI'S FORMIDABLE APPEARANCE HAS PROTECTED OUR EXISTENCE.



HA! I CAN'T SEE YOU-- IN ONE OF THOSE SNOW-MAN OUTFITS-- GLEANING MUCH INFO FROM OUR EARTHPROBE CENTRAL!

THE YETI ARE ONLY ONE OF OUR DISGUISES, FOOLISH HUMAN!



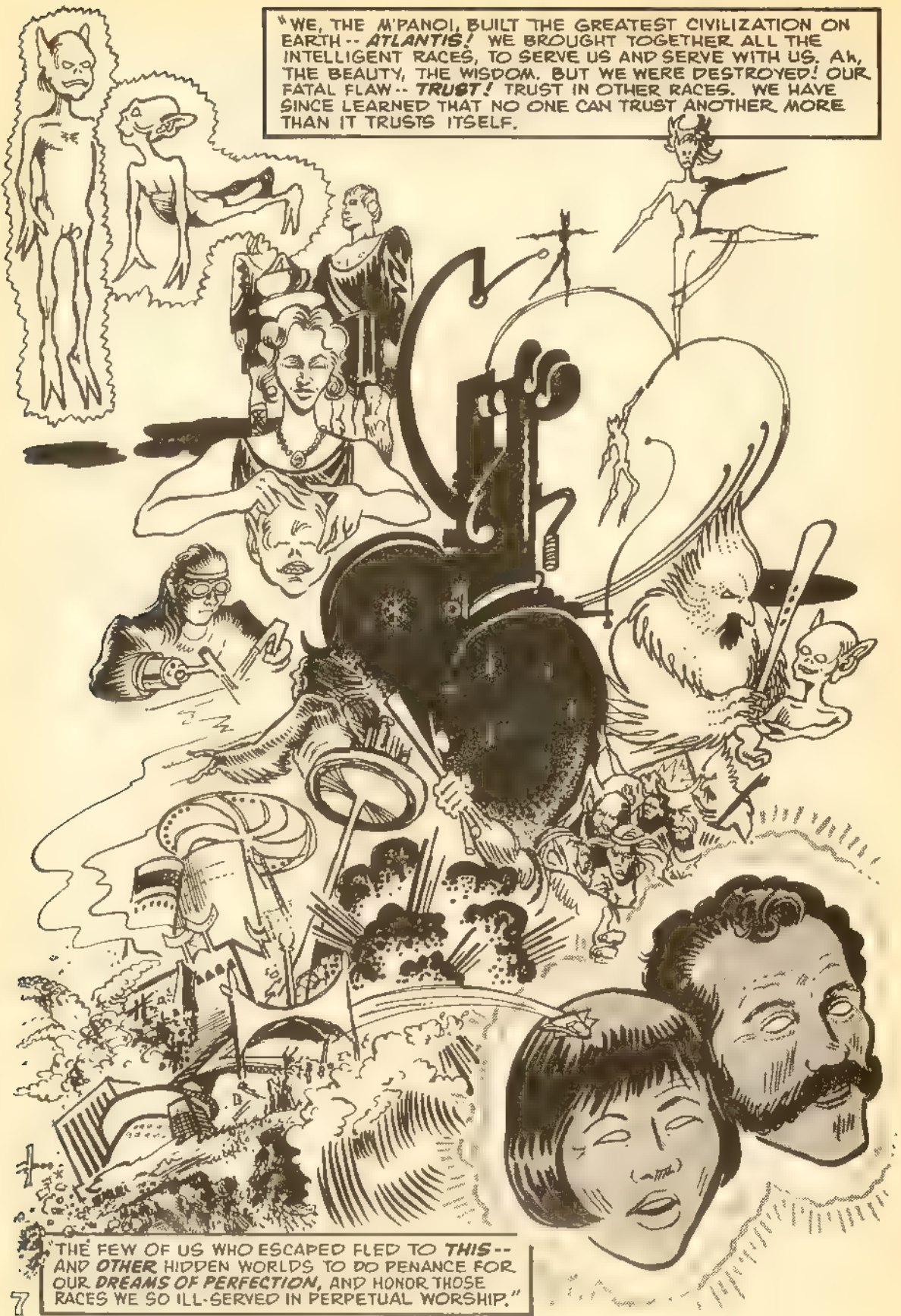
FRANKLY, I FIND THIS CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE, THIS WORSHIP OF THE PAST, **MEANINGLESS**. YOUR "SURVIVAL" AS GUARDIANS OF THIS BIZARRE MUSEUM IS JUST ANOTHER FORM OF DEATH ITSELF-- SUSPENDED ANIMATION. HELL, YOU M'PANOI MIGHT AS WELL BE EXTINCT.



DO NOT JUDGE US SO SOON. SEE WHAT LIES **BEHIND** OUR EONS OF DEVOTION.



"WE, THE M'PANOI, BUILT THE GREATEST CIVILIZATION ON EARTH-- ATLANTIS! WE BROUGHT TOGETHER ALL THE INTELLIGENT RACES, TO SERVE US AND SERVE WITH US. AH, THE BEAUTY, THE WISDOM. BUT WE WERE DESTROYED! OUR FATAL FLAW-- **TRUST!** TRUST IN OTHER RACES. WE HAVE SINCE LEARNED THAT NO ONE CAN TRUST ANOTHER MORE THAN IT TRUSTS ITSELF.

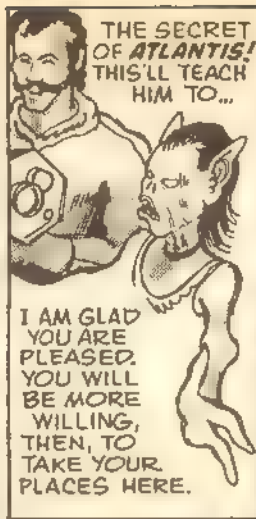


"THE FEW OF US WHO ESCAPED FLED TO THIS-- AND OTHER HIDDEN WORLDS TO DO PENANCE FOR OUR DREAMS OF PERFECTION, AND HONOR THOSE RACES WE SO ILL-SERVED IN PERPETUAL WORSHIP."



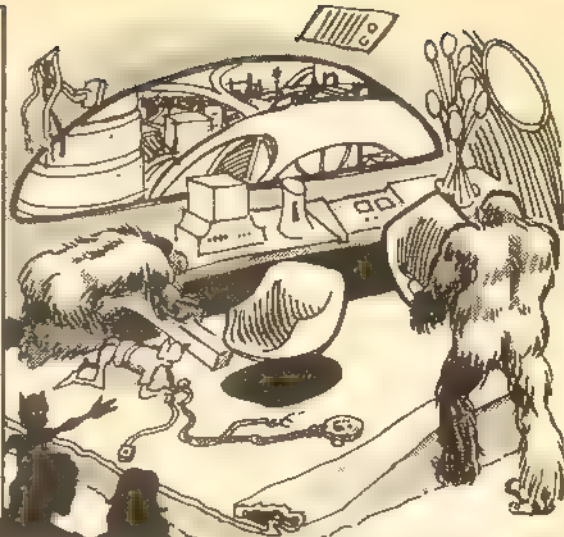
DID YOU
GET THAT
ON THE
TRIDEE?

Uhh... I
CERTAINLY
DID. THE
CHIEF WILL
DIE! HA!

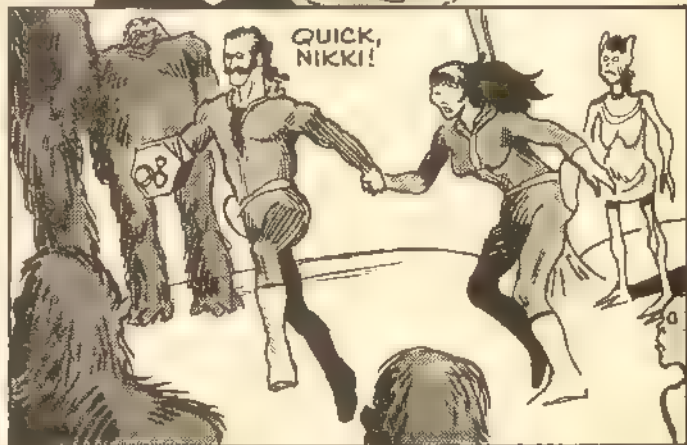


THE SECRET
OF ATLANTIS!
THIS'LL TEACH
HIM TO...

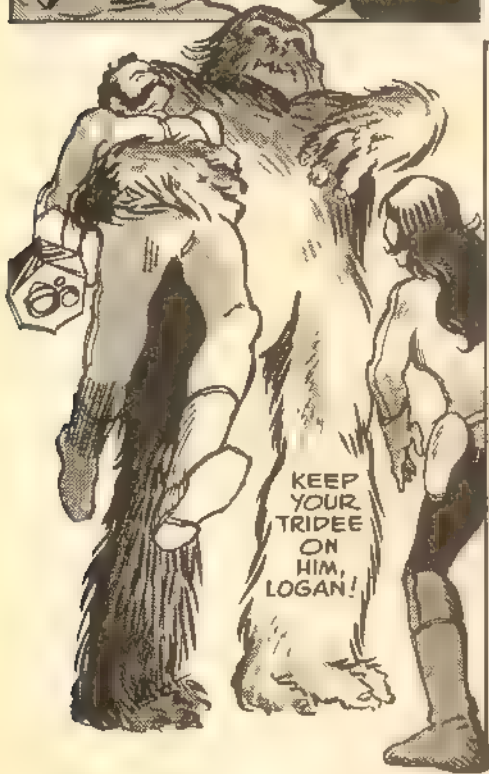
I AM GLAD
YOU ARE
PLEASED.
YOU WILL
BE MORE
WILLING,
THEN, TO
TAKE YOUR
PLACES HERE.



AS SOON AS YOU RECEIVE
ORIENTATION, YOU WILL
REMEMBER NOTHING OF
OUR PRESENCE AND LIVE
YOUR LIVES NATURALLY...
ENSHRINED.



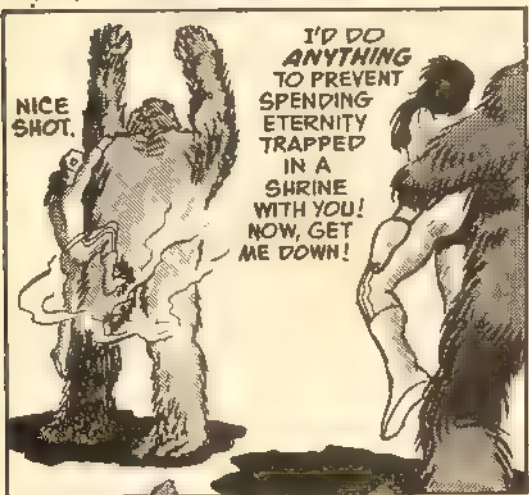
QUICK,
NIKKI!



KEEP
YOUR
TRIDEE
ON
HIM,
LOGAN!



HE'S OVER
HERE, DAMMIT!

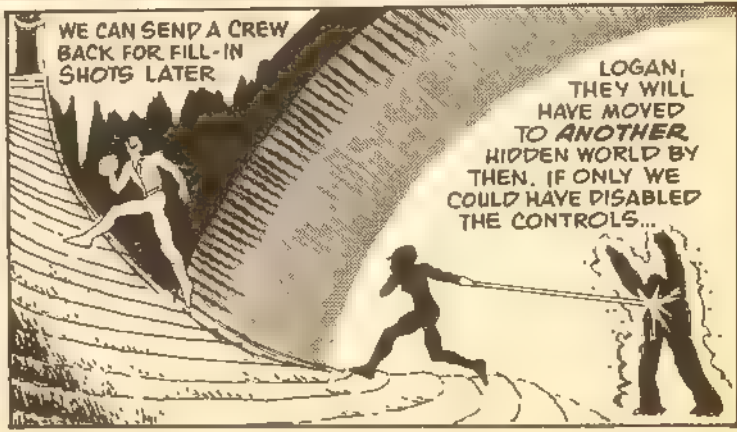
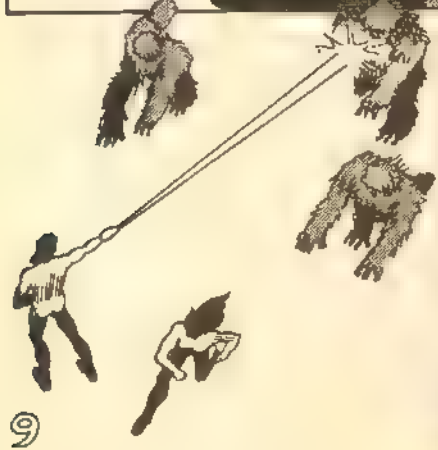


NICE SHOT.

I'D DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT SPENDING ETERNITY TRAPPED IN A SHRINE WITH YOU! NOW, GET ME DOWN!



MY GOD, THERE ARE DOZENS! COME ON, NO NEAT TRIDEE WRAP-UP ON THIS ONE!



WE CAN SEND A CREW BACK FOR FILL-IN SHOTS LATER

LOGAN, THEY WILL HAVE MOVED TO ANOTHER HIDDEN WORLD BY THEN. IF ONLY WE COULD HAVE DISABLED THE CONTROLS...



OH...
SOONA'S
DISGUISE.



LOGAN,
WHAT THE
HELL ARE
YOU DOING?

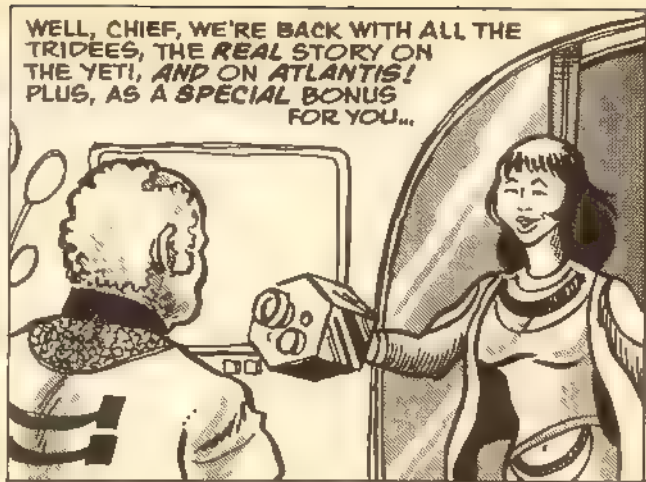
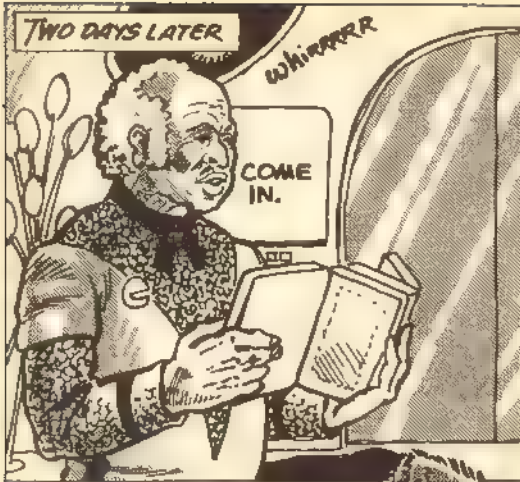


OH, I'VE GOT
A LITTLE IDEA!



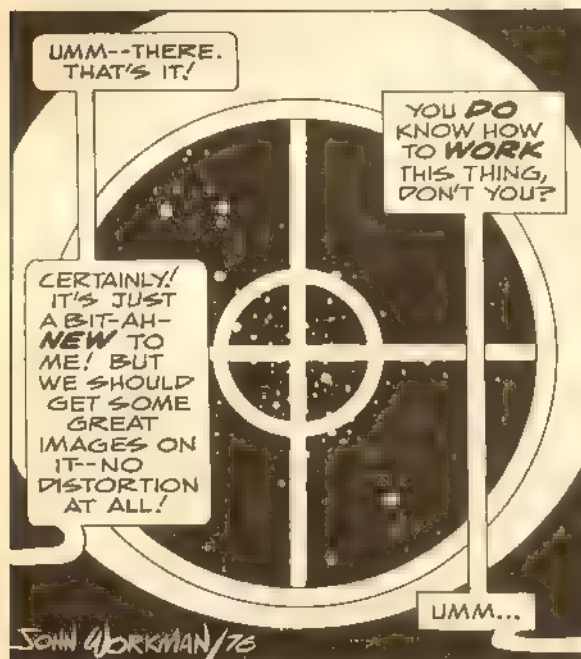
UH... LOGAN... WHEN YOU FELL DOWN THAT
SLOPE, I... WELL, THERE'S NO ONE I'D
RATHER FIGHT WITH THAN YOU.



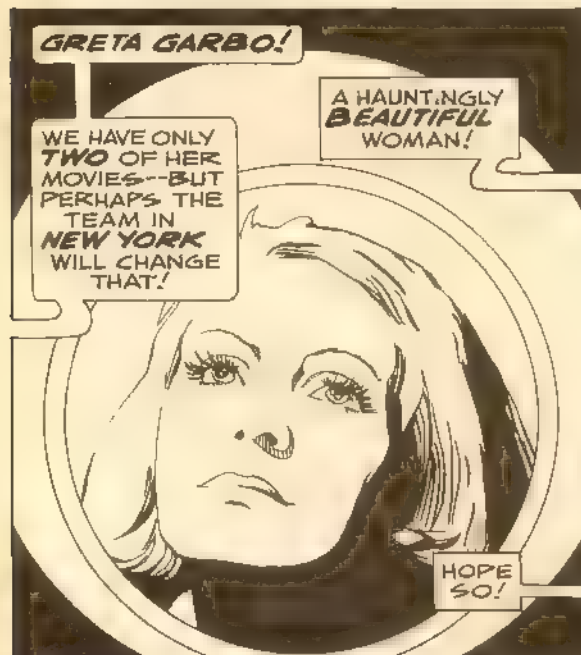


THE END

CLIK! CLIK!



CLIK! CLIK!



CLIK! CLIK!

HOW MANY FILMS HAVE THE VARIOUS TEAMS FOUND THIS TIME OUT?

AH--LET'S SEE--THE REGULAR TEAM BASED IN BOSTON DUG OUT 26 MOVIES WHILE THE ROVING TEAMS FOUND--OH-ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED.



HAVE YOU SEEN MANY OF THEM?

ALMOST **ALL!** I HAVE TO!--IT'S A VITAL PART OF MY HISTORICAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL STUDIES. I'VE EVEN WRITTEN A FEW PAPERS ON THEM. PERHAPS YOU'VE READ MY '**THE BOWERY BOYS, MINDLESSNESS, AND THE AMERICAN 1950'S?**



UMM--NO.

CLIK! CLIK!

YOU HAVEN'T? HM--YOU'RE IN GOOD COMPANY. MOST OF THE PEOPLE IN THE UNIVERSE HAVE LIVED THEIR **ENTIRE** LIVES WITHOUT **READING** MY STUFF!--AND AFTER I SAT THROUGH DOZENS OF SHOWINGS OF THOSE **AWFUL THINGS!**



BUT I BET YOU'VE SEEN A LOT OF REALLY **GREAT** FILMS, TOO, HUH?

OH, CERTAINLY! I'VE SEEN MANY OF THE ONES THAT HAVE BEEN DEEMED CLASSICS--'**CITIZEN KANE--2001--GRAPES OF WRATH--THE GOLDRUSH--** YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THOSE, BUT--



UM?

WELL--I HAVE MY **OWN** FAVORITES... MOVIES THAT I THINK SHOULD'VE HAD MORE RECOGNITION.

CLIK! CLIK!

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. THERE'S ONE--**'THE CHEATERS'** WITH JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT THAT'S SO ...BEAUTIFUL...

HAVEN'T SEEN IT.

UHH--WHAT ARE SOME OF THESE **FAVORITES** OF YOURS?

AH--I'M NOT SURE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THEM, BUT I REALLY DO LIKE **'RED SKY AT MORNING'** AND **'THE RULING CLASS'** AND **'ELECTRA GLIDE IN BLUE'** AND...

OH, ISN'T IT SOMETHING LIKE **'EASY RIDER'**?

NO, NO! **'EASY RIDER'** WAS PATED FIVE MINUTES AFTER IT WAS RELEASED-- BUT **'ELECTRA GLIDE'** IS TIMELESS!

CLIK! CLIK!

ONE OF THE CREATORS OF **'EASY RIDER'** MADE A MOVIE CALLED **'THE HIRED HAND.'** IT FAILED TO GET ATTENTION, BUT I'VE SEEN IT SEVERAL TIMES AND I REALLY DO LIKE IT. IT SEEMS **BORING** AT FIRST-- BUT THAT'S A PART OF ITS STORY-TELLING.

HUH?

WELL--IT'S ABOUT LIFE IN THE OLD WEST. UNLIKE THE GUNFIGHTS AND SUCH IN MOST WESTERN MOVIES, IT CONCENTRATES ON THE DAILY LIFE OF A COUPLE OF DRIFTERS WHICH WAS DAMN BORING!

LET'S SEE--**'THE LONG GOODBYE'** WAS GOOD. **'A THOUSAND CLOWNS,'** **'BREWSTER MCCLOUD,'**...**'JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN'...**

THERE WAS EVEN ONE CALLED **'WAIT 'TIL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE.'** GOOD STUFF.

CLIK!

©1976 JOHN WORKMAN...TO CARL, SHELLEY KELLY TANI, DEBRA, JOE, MORRIS, JACK AND SOL... GOOD PEOPLE, ONE AND ALL!

--FROM MOST GEOGRAPHIC
AREAS--FROM MOST DECADES
OF 20TH CENTURY EARTH--THEY
SHOW A **BEAUTY** AND A REAL
NOBILITY IN MANKIND...

OH, I DON'T KNOW--WE FIGURE THERE
ARE **THOUSANDS** OF FILMS TO
BE FOUND ALL OVER THE PLANET.
THEY'RE A FASCINATING WAY OF
STUDYING THE HISTORY AND THE--
THE **THINKING** OF THESE POOR
UNFORTUNATES.



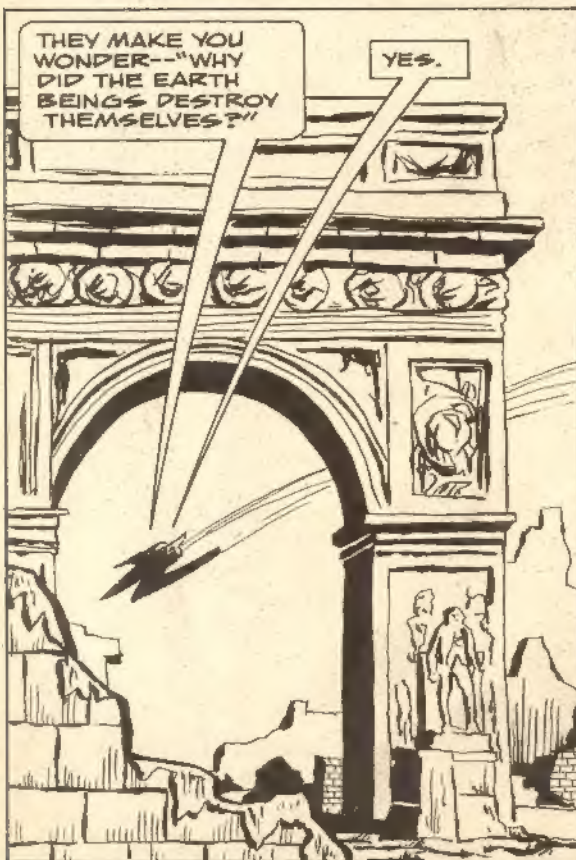
THE ONES THAT
I'VE SEEN SO
FAR--

THEY MAKE ME
WONDER...



THEY MAKE YOU
WONDER--"WHY
DID THE EARTH
BEINGS DESTROY
THEMSELVES?"

YES.



WHO KNOWS? WE CERTAINLY DON'T.
MAYBE THE **MOVIE** TEAMS--OR THE
LITERATURE OR **ART** TEAMS WILL
FIND SOMETHING TO TELL US... WHY.
IN THE MEANTIME--HERE ARE SOME
MORE STILLS OUR LOS ANGELES
PEOPLE FOUND. LOOK--



--IT'S
**DUSTIN
HOFFMAN!**

CLIK!

END

Q: WHAT THE HELL ARE "GROUND-LEVEL COMICS"?

A: WELL, THEY'RE NOT OVER-
GROUND, NOT UNDERGROUND,
BUT THE BEST OF BOTH...

Q: OH, YOU MEAN SOMETHING
UNIQUE, ONE OF A KIND?

A: RIGHT, LIKE...

#1: CODY STARBUCK'S
first appearance.

Plus....."The Birth
of DEATH".



STARLIN
CHALKIN
SIMONSON

#2: STEPHANIE STARR
introduced..

Plus...EARTHPROBE'S
first appearance.



ADAMS
GICROATO
STARLIN

#3: A new DRAGONUS
adventure.

Plus...EARTHPROBE &
first appearance of
LINDA LOVECRAFT.



BRUNNER
VOSBURG
LEALCHA



#1: Oh, San
Francisco,
city of sin,
why can't
PUDGE get
laid? And
why are the
Martians
interested?

ALL BOOKS \$1.00 EACH, EXCEPT PUDGE #1 (75¢).
PLEASE ADD 35¢ PER BOOK FOR HANDLING AND
(FIRST CLASS!) POSTAGE. THANKS.

RETAIL DEALERS: wholesaler list available.
WHOLESALE DEALERS: inquire about rates.

#2: PUDGE even
tries for a
job in a porno
flick without
success -- but
what about
"undercover"
Jethro? Mean-
while, MEI-LIN
rescues Earth!



RECOMMENDED (prices as of 3/1/76)

Comics:

ORB (621 Richmond St. West #3, Toronto,
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good to excellent stories. Color, too.

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Katz has an epic going, better each issue.

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